August 1969 A Short Play on Sex by Jules Feiffer 75¢

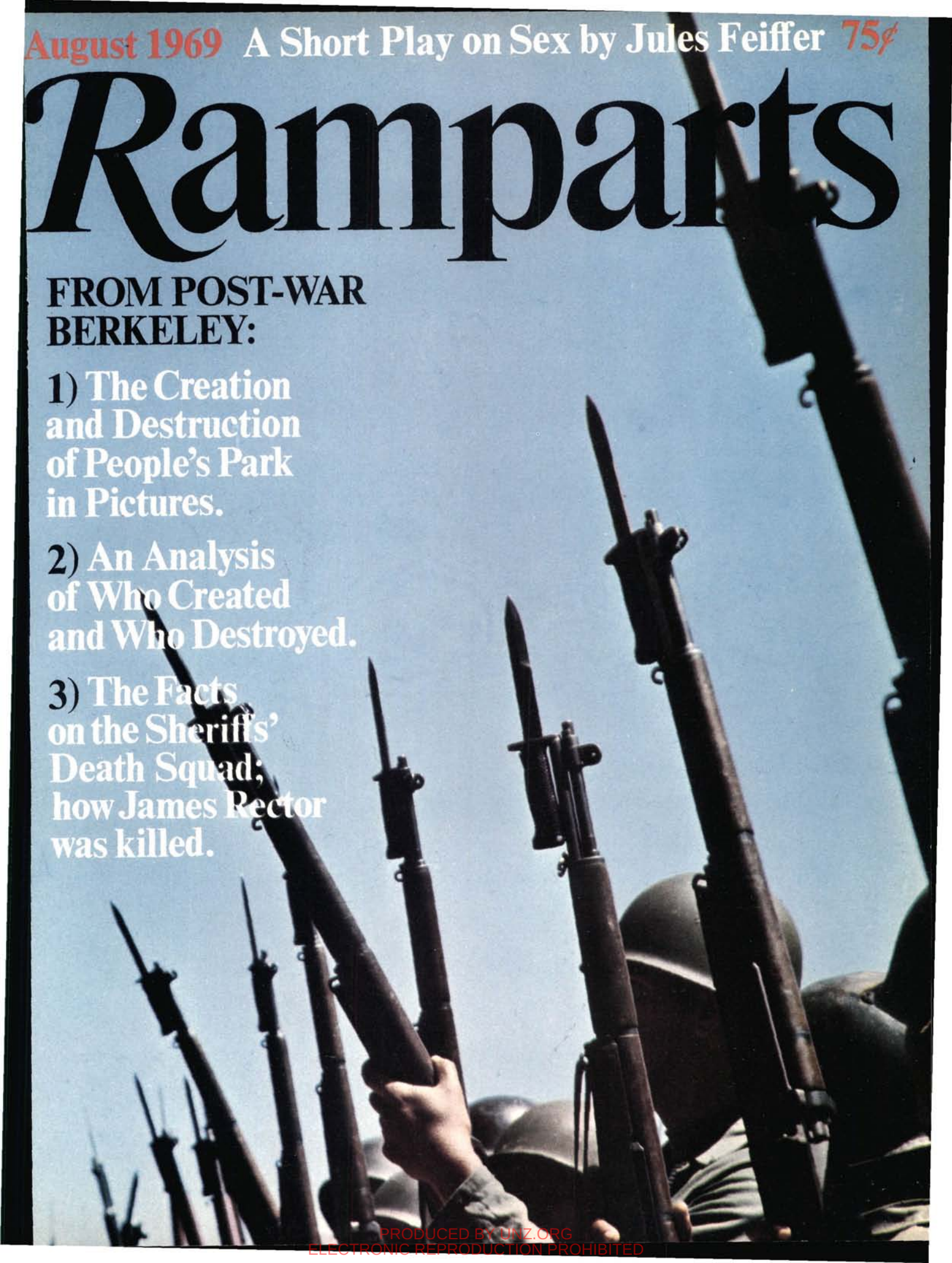
Ramparts

FROM POST-WAR BERKELEY:

1) The Creation and Destruction of People's Park in Pictures.

2) An Analysis of Who Created and Who Destroyed.

3) The Facts on the Sheriffs' Death Squad; how James Rector was killed.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Doors.

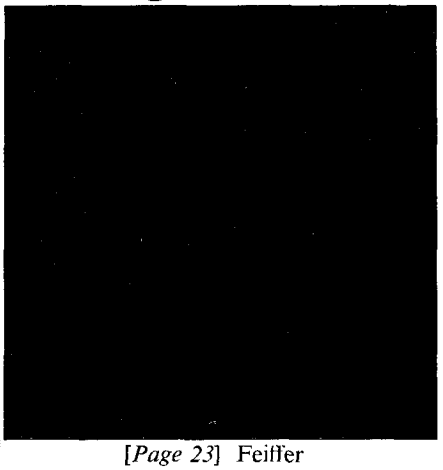
Their new album is here. The Soft Parade. It is Jim Morrison. And John Densmore and Ray Manzarek and Robby Krieger. The Soft Parade. It is Touch Me. It is Wishful Sinful. It is Tell All The People. It is much more. It is today and tomorrow. It is emotion. It is perception and poetry. It is the Doors and their search for things known and unknown. For things real and unreal. The Doors. The Soft Parade.

elektra records

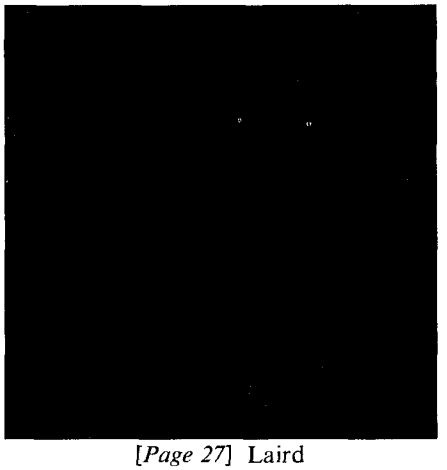
THE DOORS / THE SOFT PARADE
EKS 75005
ALSO AVAILABLE ON ALL TAPE CONFIGURATIONS BY AMPEX

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leading Articles:



[*Page 23*] Feiffer



[*Page 27*] Laird

[*Page 34*] People's Park

[*Page 54*] Rampage

Herein:

SPECIAL REPORT FROM BERKELEY:

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY OF THE PEOPLE'S PARK — 34
compiled by Dugald Stermer

THE DIALECTICS OF CONFRONTATION — 41
by Robert Scheer

RAMPAGE: A Detailed Investigation into Shotgun Tactics — 54
by the Editors

ARTICLES:

THE NLF ASKS THE AMERICAN LEFT: WHERE ARE YOU? — 14
by Franz Schurmann

WHO THE HELL IS MELVIN LAIRD, ANYWAY? *by Karl Hess* — 27

ROCKY TAKES A TRIP *by David Horowitz* — 60

FEATURES:

DICK & JANE (A SHORT PLAY) *by Jules Feiffer* — 23

KING NIXON'S CABINET *by Robert Grossman* — 32

EPHEMERA:

LIVING *by Joan Holden and R. G. Davis* — 62

SEXPLOITATION [SIC] *by Sandy Levinson* — 66

Ramparts

VOL. 8, NO. 2 AUGUST 1969

Editor: Robert Scheer

Art Director: Dugald Stermer

Executive Editor: Peter Collier

Managing Editor: David Kolodney

Associate Editor: David Horowitz

Assistant Managing Editor: Jan Austin

Assistant Editors: Michael Ansara, Eldridge Cleaver, Harvey Cohen, Robert Cunningham, Donald Duncan, Art Goldberg, Susan Lydon, Marcus Raskin, Dan Schechter, Stephen Schneck, Stanley Sheinbaum, William Turner, Lee Webb

Copy Editor: Janis Chan

Assistant Art Director: Mary Morhoff

Manuscript Editor: Sheila Daar

Contributing Editors: Jean Lacouture, Southeast Asia; Judy Feiffer, Paul Krassner, Elinor Langer, Sandra Levinson, Jack Newfield, New York; Richelle Dassin, Paris; Jessica Mitford, Oakland; Lothar Menne, Frankfurt; Monique Maurer, Munich; Sonia Orwell, London; Harold Lipset, Criminology; Farrel Broslawski, Los Angeles; Deborah Green, Seattle; Carl Oglesby, at-large

Editorial Assistants: Anne Dowie, Karen Garrett, Sally Greenawalt, Barbara Lampert, Barbara Patrick, Cathy Stone

Publisher: Frederick C. Mitchell

Controller: Robert Kaldenbach

Associate Publisher: Marc Stone

VP, Circulation: Dinny Zimmerman

Stephen Robinson (Business Manager), Norman Hirsch (Assistant Business Manager), Donald Hughes (Circulation Manager), Nancy Tibbon (Western Advertising Manager), Charles Rudnick (Office Manager), David Dobkin (Office Man), Carrie Welch (Telephone Lady), Millie Eley (Bookkeeper), Margot Lind (Administrative Assistant)

EDITORIAL ROOMS AND MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE
495 Beach Street
San Francisco, California 94133
Telephone: 415-441-4151

Cable Address:
RAMPARTS, San Francisco

Contents Copyright © 1969 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc.

Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

All rights reserved.

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 495 Beach Street, San Francisco, California, telephone 441-4151. NEW YORK OFFICES: 250 E. 65th St., Apt. 4C, New York, N.Y., telephone TE 8-1830. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $8.50, one year; $15.00, two years in USA and possessions. Foreign rate: $9.50, one year; $17.00 two years. Foreign Airmail rate: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $17.00; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $21.00; Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $26.50. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright ©1969 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS should be sent with return postage and self-addressed envelope. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: All editorial and advertising correspondence should be mailed to 495 Beach St., San Francisco, California 94133. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: All subscription correspondence should be mailed to RAMPARTS, P.O. Box 452, San Francisco, California 94101. Send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional offices. Printed in the USA.

Cover Photograph by Elihu Blotnick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is Psychology Today?

At last! A magazine that bridges the information gap between responsible psychology and the educated public!

Today all of us—the executive, the salesman, the housewife, the teacher, the clergyman, and the teen-ager consistently (and often knowingly) use this thing we call psychology.

However, many of the solemn scientific truths you learned about psychology only yesterday in college are sheer myths today. In the information explosion, no field is moving faster than psychology. New and exciting discoveries which affect you deeply and personally are yielding themselves up on an almost daily basis.

Before the appearance of Psychology Today magazine, these new findings were not available in a lively, accurate monthly magazine. All that is changed. Now there is a magazine about psychology, with articles written by world-renowned experts in psychology, religion, education, child development, philosophy—the total human condition. Current and coming articles include:

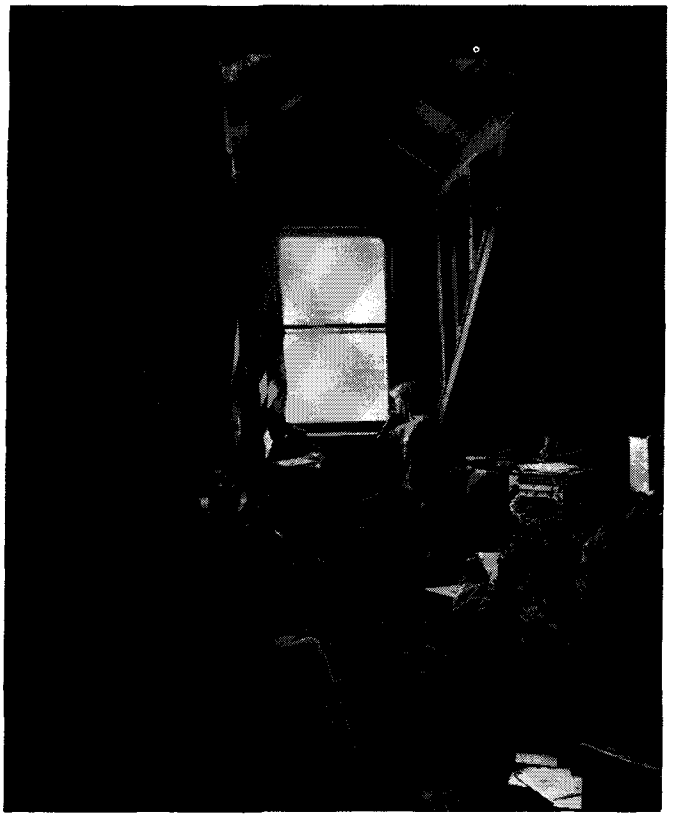
The Grim Generation	**After the Group Encounter**
Does ESP Exist?	**Are Leaders Made or Born?**
Russian Psychology	**The Sickness of Corporations**
Love and Will	**Psychology of the Japanese Samurai**
Nude Marathons	**The Reform of Mental Hospitals**
Mrs. Oedipus	**Immunization Against Persuasion**
Is Man a Machine?	**The Dangers of Group Therapy**
Learning Under Drugs	**Fantasies While Breast Feeding**
Hormones and Sex	**Homosexuality Reconsidered**
The Robot Problem	**The Psychiatrist's Power**
Adult Play Therapy	**Student Activists**
Body English	**The Icarus Complex**

No facts are beyond our pale. We talk about sex clinically and, when necessary, carnally. About children we are neither doting nor derisive. And with religion, we treat both the blasphemous and the beatific with objectivity. Lucidity is the watchword. You'll find no jargon in Psychology Today. No circumlocution, no pomposity. Our editors are as ruthless with their blue pencils as they are sensitive to your threshold of ennui.

Moreover, we think you'll like our contemporary design—full of style, boldness, and a touch of whimsy. Our pages are awash with full color photographs, and even our charts are fascinating.

Send no money

To receive your complimentary copy of Psychology Today don't send us a cent. Just fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and we'll send you your free issue posthaste. If the magazine doesn't fascinate you—and yield you valuable insights—cancel and consider the matter closed. Otherwise



you'll receive the next 11 issues and a bill for only $6.00. The regular yearly subscription rate, not so incidentally, is more than half again as much—$10.00.

By subscribing now, you're not only making enormous savings over the newsstand price ($1 per copy) but you're also taking advantage of a special Introductory price that may be withdrawn at any time.

Receive the current issue as a gift and begin a better understanding of your children, your spouse, your boss, your mother-in-law . . . yourself.

psychology today

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, P.O Box 60407, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special Introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

6-000

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICASSO'
ENGRAV

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after–and possibly scandalous–work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life–and therefore no art–has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully–or joyfully–portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars.* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking ...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of **Avant-Garde** announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed **Avant-Garde** as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of **Avant-Garde** have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Garde**–64 pages–will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of **Avant-Garde** are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EROTIC NGS

Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away–free –as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of **Avant-Garde**, let us explain that it is the most beautiful–and daring–magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to **Avant-Garde** their most uninhibited–and inspired–works. **Avant-Garde** serves–consistently–as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to **Avant-Garde** include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science–and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)–*and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*–simply fill out the adjacent coupon and mail it with $5 to: **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of love.

AVANT GARDE®

AVANT GARDE WISHES TO THANK THE FOLLOWING MUSEUMS AND GALLERY FOR THEIR COOPERATION IN PREPARING THE SPECIAL PICASSO ISSUE: THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, GALERIE LOUISE LEIRIS (PARIS), THE ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO (TORONTO), KUNSTHAUS (ZURICH), AKADEMIE DER KUNSTE (BERLIN).

Avant-Garde
110 W. 40th Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose $5 for a ten-month subscription to the exuberant new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I am paying virtually *HALF PRICE* and that I will receive–*ABSOLUTELY FREE*–a copy of the magnificent art folio containing Picasso's erotic engravings.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

©AVANT-GARDE 1969. RMA-15

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO OWNS THE PARK?

Someday a petty official will appear with a piece of paper, called a land title, which states that the University of California owns the land of the People's Park. Where did that piece of paper come from? What is it worth?

A long time ago the Costanoan Indians lived in the area now called Berkeley. They had no concept of land ownership. They believed that the land was under the care and guardianship of the people who used it and lived on it.

Catholic missionaries took the land away from the Indians. No agreements were made. No papers were signed. They ripped it off in the name of God.

The Mexican Government took the land away from the Church. The Mexican Government had guns and an army. God's word was not as strong.

The Mexican Government wanted to pretend that it was not the army that guaranteed them the land. They drew up some papers which said they legally owned it. No Indians signed those papers.

The Americans were not fooled by the papers. They had a stronger army than the Mexicans. They beat them in a war and took the land. Then they wrote some papers of their own and forced the Mexicans to sign them.

The American Government sold the land to some white settlers. The Government gave the settlers a piece of paper called a land title in exchange for some money. All this time there were still some Indians around who claimed the land. The American army killed most of them.

The piece of paper saying who owned the land was passed around among rich white men. Sometimes the white men were interested in taking care of the land. Usually they were just interested in making money. Finally some very rich men, who run the University of California, bought the land.

Immediately these men destroyed the houses that had been built on the land. The land went the way of so much other land in America—it became a parking lot.

We are building a park on the land. We will take care of it and guard it, in the spirit of the Costanoan Indians. When the University comes with its land title we will tell them: "Your land title is covered with blood. We won't touch it. Your people ripped off the land from the Indians a long time ago. If you want it back now, you will have to fight for it again."

ORIGINAL POSITION PAPER OF THE PARK'S PEOPLE BY F. BARDACKE

[ABOUT THE ISSUE]

THE ARTICLE BEGINNING on page 34 chronicles the spontaneous creation of a park/playground and the resulting brutal paramilitary occupation of the once beautiful city of Berkeley.

If the story reads as if it were written with barely suppressed fury, it is probably because Berkeley is our community: the majority of the staff's through residency, the magazine's by acclamation, and mine by adoption.

Through no design, plan, "conspiracy" or even general discussion, many people from RAMPARTS were involved as individuals in the building of People's Park. Associate Editor David Horowitz, Controller Robert Kaldenbach and Office Manager Charles Rudnick worked along with their wives, as their children played on the swings and slides.

While a student, Editor Robert Scheer had lived in one of the apartment buildings on the site until the University bought up the land and leveled them. Now Christopher Scheer, age two, played on the swings.

David Horowitz & family

Each had his own reasons:

Rudnick: "I didn't get involved just to have a People's Park for my kid. When she grows up I want her to have a people's *country* to play in."

Kaldenbach: "It was my park. I helped build it. I can't explain to my kids why those soldiers are standing around the fence to keep us out. 'Are they foreign troops?' they asked me. 'Maybe they are,' I said."

Robert Kaldenbach & family

Charles Rudnick & family

Photographs by Anne Dowie

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This important Gauguin sculpture cannot be purchased at any price...

now reproduced in Foundry-Stone,
it can be yours as a gift with membership in
The Sculpture Collectors Limited
and no obligation
to buy anything now or ever

PAUL GAUGUIN, *Tête du Sculpteur*, reproduced in Foundry-Stone. Stands 12 inches on a removable black base. Special bracket for wall-mounting, if preferred.

For more than half a century after Gauguin's death in 1903, this magnificent life mask was not publicly exhibited and not even known to exist except by a few experts who considered it to be the head of a tattoed male Tahitian. Recently it emerged from a private collection and was auctioned at a leading New York gallery.

Now recognized by scholars as a self-portrait, this mask was acquired by The Sculpture Collectors Limited and for the first time a number of castings have been pulled in Foundry-Stone from Gauguin's original terra cotta. This work of art is not available except with membership.

Now the Gauguin mask—reproduced in Foundry-Stone, a newly-developed polyester material—can be yours as a gift, with a new kind of membership that never obligates you but privileges you to acquire fine multiple sculpture by outstanding living artists, at prices far below those commanded by dealers and galleries.

You become an art collector and patron

Sculpture Collectors makes all this possible by commissioning original works from the artists themselves. In much the way the Medicis collected their Michelangelos and Raphaels, your membership admits you to a community of patrons of contemporary sculptors—and makes you an immediate beneficiary of their talents.

All commissions are awarded by the Curator guided by a distinguished Board of art historians, collectors and appraisers. Selections are based on both artistic merit and value.

Specially commissioned works for members only

Each work is individually signed, then hand-cast in a newly-developed polyester material—Foundry-Stone. Each piece will be cast in an edition sufficient to meet the needs of the membership and will not be offered for sale outside the membership. However, members may resell to other collectors with no restrictions.

Four times a year you will be advised of new offerings. If any appeals to you, you are invited to live with it in your home for 30 days and you still retain the option to decline it.

Each quarterly offering features three exclusive, signed works by artists such as Dali, as well as other outstanding European and American sculptors—among them, Dehner, Denhoff, Ente, Glinsky, Hartwig, Minaux—all important artists whose works have been appreciating in value. Yet, prices are from $25 and *never* more than $45.

Lifetime membership just $10

Only $10 makes you a lifetime member of The Sculpture Collectors. Immediately upon joining you receive your free gift of the Gauguin mask replica. And membership brings still another benefit: a complimentary subscription to an authoritative, full-color sculpture journal—*The Foundry Mark*. To enjoy the adventure of owning multiple sculptures by contemporary masters, simply mail the coupon. Send no money; we'll bill you for your $10 lifetime membership dues after your gift arrives.

BOARD OF ADVISORS

Ettore Salvatore
Professor of Sculpture, Retired
Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

Pierre-Eugene Clairin
Professeur
Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts
Paris, France

David F. H. C. Russell, Esq.
Collector
London and Surrey, England

Siegfried Reinhardt
Artist in Residence
Southern Illinois University

Aldo Ponziani
Dottore in Storia e Filosofia
Scuola Leonardo da Vinci
Roma, Italia

Fred Conway
Professor of Drawing and Painting
Washington University

Marvin Wildstein, Director
Horizon Gallery
New York, N. Y.

Anthony Fawcett
Art Critic
London, England

Sculpture Collectors

185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member and send me my introductory gift of membership, Gauguin's *Tête du Sculpteur*, cast in Foundry-Stone. If I choose, I may return it within 30 days, thereby canceling membership. Otherwise, bill me for my lifetime dues of just $10. I have no other obligation, now or ever.

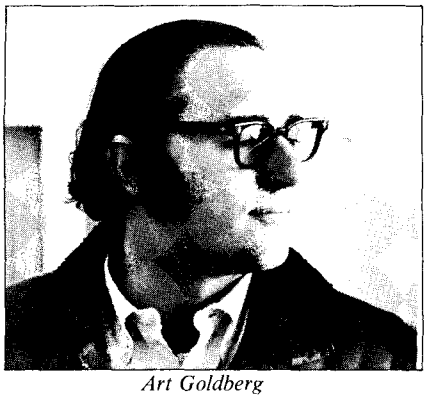
43-Z9

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

One membership per family. Offer available only in the U.S.A.

11A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Art Goldberg

Assistant Editor Art Goldberg: "It was something you seldom see in alienated America. People actually digging the work they were doing—no monetary rewards, no status, no promotions—just building something worthwhile for their community."

On May 15 when the University put the fence up (presumably to protect the swings from the kids) and the pigshit, in the form of tear gas and buckshot, hit the fan, the RAMPARTS offices were virtually empty. Our journalists and photographers assigned to cover the story became shocked demonstrators as we saw our community become a murderous armed camp. According to best estimates, over 100 citizens were wounded, one was shot to death by a sheriff's deputy, and two others may be blinded.

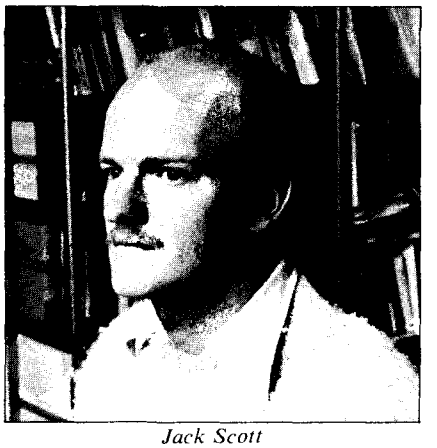
As for us: The "occupying forces" ripped off press passes, smashed cameras, beat, gassed and arrested our editors as we tried desperately to retain some measure of editorial detachment.

It was clearly impossible. Those of us who didn't get busted spent much of our time bailing out those who did. Among those arrested on various charges (e.g., "failure to disperse" although the National Guard made any attempt at dispersal an invitation for a bayonet in the belly) were Scheer, reporter Rick Beban, Goldberg, Accountant Bill Ganley and Assistant Art Director Mary Morhoff. (In addition to the "failure to disperse" charge, Mary was also booked on the felony charge of carrying illegal drugs until it was discovered that the "drugs" were salt tablets. Ganley, an asthmatic, had his pills confiscated, and consequently suffered a serious attack during his 13-hour incarceration.)

ON THURSDAY, MAY 22, 482 people, including Bob Scheer, were rounded up, arrested and sent to spend a hellish night at the Santa Rita Prison Farm. Just as I tried to shout to Bob, who had a press pass, to get the hell out of there, I felt the point of a bayonet in my back and heard the voice of a National Guardsman snarling at me, "I just hope I get the order to advance so I can go right through you." I split.

Dugald Stermer

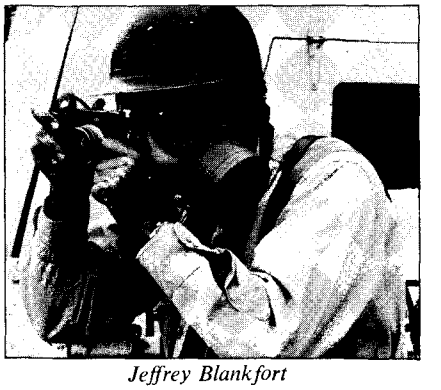
Christopher & Robert Scheer



Jack Scott

Jack Scott, reporter: "When they [the cops] came near me, one of them said, 'There's that RAMPARTS guy. Get him!' I held the Berkeley Police press pass out in front of me. They grabbed it, ripped it up, and threw it in the bushes. I protested that I was a member of the press with a legitimate pass, but when they started swinging their clubs I ran."

Mary Morhoff



Jeffrey Blankfort

Our ace "guerrilla" street photographer and reporter, Jeffrey Blankfort, a veteran of countless riots, including the Chicago Convention and Mexico City Olympics, was repeatedly gassed and threatened with arrest.

This is not to imply that any of us were originators of the idea of a People's Park, or even members of the various bail, first aid or negotiating committees. The point is that virtually our entire staff, along with thousands of others, felt a spontaneous solidarity with the community—becoming, at least temporarily, citizens of Berkeley.

Millie Eley

Bookkeeper Millie Eley: "On Sunday, May 18, we went to the People's Park Annex to plant the flowers we had grown from seeds in pots and water glasses at home. Five times we planted them and five times the cops came and ripped them up. The fifth time they returned with their paddy wagon and took the flowers into custody. 'Go limp!' we shouted to the flowers as they were yanked up and thrown into the wagon." —D. STERMER

Send donations to: People's Park Fund, 2622 Regent Street, Berkeley 94704.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Retail prices shown for each book)

73190. PURSUIT OF AGREEMENT: Psychiatry and the Law. *Jonas B. Robitscher, J.D., M.D.* Keen, illuminating analysis of the conflicts between law and psychiatry as well as a masterly reconciliation of the differences between the two points of view. **$8.00**

73030. PSYCHOTHERAPY: MYTH AND METHOD. *Jan Ehrenwald, M.D.* Analyzes the common elements of diverse systems of psychotherapy with particular attention to those interpersonal aspects which make the therapeutic process effective. **$8.50**

78310. SICKNESS AND SOCIETY. *R. S. Duff and A. B. Hollingshead.* A painstaking, objective and methodologically sophisticated sociological study – a profoundly shocking indictment of current medical practice in the hospital. **$12.50**

70060. PRINCIPLES OF GROUP TREATMENT. *Eric Berne.* Formulates a coherent theory for the conduct of group treatment – the first systematic exposition of the use of transactional analysis in groups. **$7.00**

84330. A TIME TO SPEAK: On Human Values and Social Research. *Herbert C. Kelman.* An eloquent plea for the *rational* solution of social problems—in a manner consistent with human freedom and dignity. Clarifies the role of the social scientist and the great promise for positive contribution. **$9.50**

62720. THE MIRAGES OF MARRIAGE. *William J. Lederer and Don D. Jackson.* This incisive, original analysis of marriage in America discusses the false assumptions on which many marriages are based, the reasons for their frequent failure, and the major ingredients of a satisfactory marital relationship. **$7.95**

83860. THEORY OF SUICIDE. *Maurice L. Farber.* A bold and highly successful attempt to develop a general theory of suicide—one that isolates the essential factors both within the individual and in his social setting. **$5.95**

37830. THE CHILDREN OF THE DREAM. *Bruno Bettelheim.* Dr. Bettelheim's study of kibbutz children from birth through adolescence dispels the myth that a mother or mother-figure is essential to the emotional well-being of a child. **$6.95**

54090. HUMAN SEXUALITY. *James Leslie McCrary.* An internationally recognized authority on sex education presents detailed, accurate information on all aspects of human sexual behavior. "Beyond question the best *single* reference in this area I have yet seen."—*Armin Grams, Merrill-Palmer Institute* **$9.75**

THEORY OF SUICIDE
HUMAN SEXUALITY
The Children of the Dream
BLACK RAGE
Two black psychiatrists tell it as it is. In the first book to reveal the full dimensions of the inner conflicts and the desperation of the black man's life in America.

cross-cultural psychiatry
homosexuality *hypnosis*
deviant behavior

How to keep pace

childhood autism *retardation*
group treatment

With the enormous advances and breakthroughs in the behavioral sciences, how does one keep current? By letting the Behavioral Science Book Service search through hundreds of manuscripts—then submit to you only the books of highest interest, greatest significance.

Each month, you are offered the latest, most authoritative works in the behavioral sciences—psychiatry, psychology, sociology, anthropology, child development, social welfare, marital problems, family relationships, sexual behavior. They're available to you at *savings of up to 30%* off publishers' prices. Sometimes more. And every fourth book you buy earns you a free bonus book. If you are seriously concerned with keeping up, can you afford *not* to act now?

Choose any 3 books-worth up to $35.00–for only $4.95

with a short experimental membership in The

Behavioral Science Book Service

48390. FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY. *Karen Horney.* Dr. Horney's views on the psychology of women, compiled for the first time. Among the topics discussed are frigidity, distrust between the sexes, genital anxieties, maternal conflicts, etc. **$5.95**

68120. THE PERSON IN PSYCHOLOGY. *Gordon Allport.* The great psychologist's final testament. His concern with the deeper meanings of individuality is demonstrated in application to new problems. **$9.95**

36440. BLACK RAGE. *William H. Grier, M.D. and Price M. Cobbs, M.D.* Written by two black psychiatrists, this eloquent book is the first one to reveal the full dimension of the inner conflicts and the desperation of the black man's life in America. **$5.95**

48910. FREUD: POLITICAL AND SOCIAL THOUGHT. *Paul Roazen.* Examining at once the relevant aspects of Freud's life and writings, this groundbreaking new book discusses the significance of Freudian material to understanding the political and social order. **$6.95**

48180. FAMILIES OF THE SLUMS. *Minuchin, Montalvo, Guerney, Rosman and Schumer.* Presents an original theory of the special dynamics of the slum family – and offers a new approach to therapeutic strategy. **$10.00**

73000. THE PSYCHOTHERAPIES OF MARITAL DISHARMONY. *Edited by Bernard L. Green, M.D.* Twelve authorities in psychiatry, sociology, family dynamics and social casework explore, in depth and detail, the complexity of marital disharmony. **$7.95**

40840. THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT. *Karl Menninger.* Brilliant analysis of the philosophy and practice of punishment as it influences the American system of correctional justice. Reviews the means by which we apprehend, sentence and attempt to reform criminals. **$8.95**

84120. THE THERAPEUTIC RELATIONSHIP AND ITS IMPACT. *Edited by Carl Rogers.* Analyzes the findings of a study on whether the same qualities of psychotherapeutic relationship effective in dealing with neurotics would have measurable effect on schizophrenics. **$12.50**

54960. IDENTITY: Youth and Crisis. *Erik H. Erikson.* Magnificent new book summarizes author's major work of last two decades. Revolves about his concepts of identity formation and identity crisis. **$6.95**

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Behavioral Science Book Service
Front and Brown Streets, Riverside, N. J. 08075

Please enroll me as a Trial Member, and send the three books whose numbers I've filled in below. Bill me only $4.95, plus shipping. If I am not delighted, I will return them within 10 days, and my membership will be cancelled. As a Trial Member, I need accept as few as 3 more Selections during the next 12 months, *always* at reduced Member's Prices, plus shipping. I understand that savings range up to 30%, and occasionally even more. Each month I will receive advance reviews describing forthcoming Selections, along with convenient form for requesting Alternate Selections or no book at all. For every 4 Selections purchased, I may choose a *free* Bonus Book. (This introductory offer counts as the First Selection).

Three Books for only $4.95
(write in numbers)

_____ _____ _____

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada. 1-897

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO'S VERITABLE ORGY OF POSTERS

P116. EARTH-QUAKE. In fine line with browns & yellows. 22" x 24¼" image area. *Only* **1.98**

P135. DALI: INVENTIONS OF THE MONSTERS. In browns, burnt orange, gold highlights. 24" x 15½". *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P114. SPHERES. Vivid dayglo red, orauge, and green spheres on a matte black background. 19" x 31". *Only* **1.98**

P128. SPIRIT OF '69. The Spirit of '76 today, bloodied but unbowed; in full color. 29½" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P115. CAT. In flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background, 20¼" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

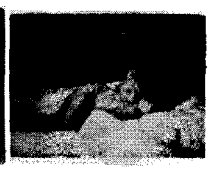
P993. "ASK NOT. . ." JFK and RFK in a superb art photo-lithograph on heavy board with special hanging device for floating gallery effect. 12" x 18". *Only* **3.98**

Tack them up anywhere! No frames needed!
Mostly in color (see descriptions). *Mostly huge* (see sizes). Surprisingly inexpensive (see prices). Choose yours now and order today *from Marboro at only*

$1 and up

P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds & greens with white and red-brown. 30" x 19¾". *Special* **1.00**

P117. PINK LADY. In dayglo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼". *Only* **1.98**



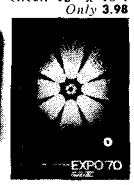
P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42" x 29½". *Only* **1.98**

P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P876. MARIE. Photograph in full color. 29¼" x 52½" *Only* **1.98**

P802. TRIPS. Shades of dayglo red, orange, and magenta. 25" x 38". *Special* **1.00**

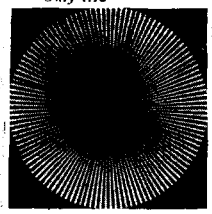
P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will not merely endure/he will prevail/. . ." 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



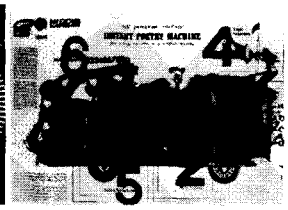
P676. OSAKA EXPO '70 POSTER. Chrysanthemum in bronze-gold with red center on black background. 29¾" x 42". *Special* **1.98**

P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black background. 29" x 40½". *Only* **1.98**

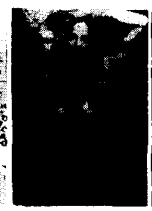
P794. You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's. The Levy's Rye Bread poster is now a full-fledged classic. Full Color; 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



P963. ZONK. In brilliant dayglo colors on black. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**



P155. INSTANT POETRY MACHINE. Red, purples, on white coated stock. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**



P962. MORE MARIE. In full color on coated stock. 29½" x 42½". *Only* **1.98**

P760. GO SLO. Dancing speed figure in blue and dayglo yellow. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P880. BRIGITTE BARDOT. In Full Color—Bardot in necklace, golden hair, and water. 29½" x 42¼". *Only* **1.00**

P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Iridescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures in black. 29¼" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. On Artist' Canvas—silkscreen in black on white canvas. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**

P570. Toulouse-Lautrec: ARISTIDE BRUANT. Collotype in black, green and a subdued orange on a cream background. 20" x 28". *Special* **1.00**

P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Toad in reds on olive green background. 25½" x 25½". *Special* **1.49**

P573. Toulouse-Lautrec: DIVAN JAPONAIS. Collotype in shades of green, gray-green, yellow and subdued orange. 20"x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P989. NEVER AGAIN WAR. Silkscreen in blacks on gray with striking dayglo red lettering. 23" x 30". *Special* **4.95**

P757. Hausman: NO EXIT. Psychedelic blues, greens. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P100. ROPS Exhibition Poster. Purple & black on white. 19¾" x 29¾". *Special* **1.00**

P837. Chagall: THE PRAYING JEW. In dark tones, icy blue-white, and yellow-green; 18¼" x 24". *Pub at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P634. LOVE (WITH A BAND-AID). In lavender ink & orange on a white background. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P818. Mucha: SALON DES CENT. *art nouveau* announcement of the 1896 Paris exhibition; flesh tones and muted greens with white. 20½" x 30¼". *Special Import* **1.98**

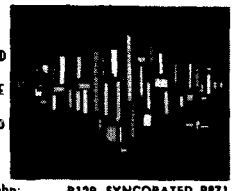
P849. Durer: THE KNIGHT, DEATH & THE DEVIL (1513). Etching in sepia on white art stock. 21" x 26¾". *Special* **2.98**

P572. Toulouse-Lautrec: JANE AVRIL. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, subdued orange and gray. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P646. KLEE ART POSTER. Hues of red and green predominate, on extra heavy white art stock. 20" x 30". *Special* **1.00**

P858. Ben Shahn: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. Black & brown on white. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



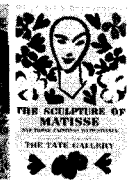
P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on a matte black background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

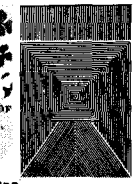
P797. BAN THE BOMB. In brilliant dayglo color on a matte black background. 28¾" square. *Only* **1.49**

P681. Portfolio: GRAFFITI GRAPHICS. Authentic graffiti from restrooms, subway stations, etc. Each 11" x 17". *Portfolio of 4, Special* **1.00**

P649. DUFY ART POSTER. Blues predominate, on extra heavy white art stock. 20" x 30". *Special* **1.00**



P786. SCULPTURE OF MATISSE. 1953 Tate Gallery poster, in blue, yellow, orange, black. 20" x 28" heavy stock. *Only* **1.00**



P756. Hausman: GATES OF HELL. Psychedelic reds, greens. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P815. JOIN THE *UNDERGROUND SPECIAL AIR FORCE.* Wine red and greens; 22¼" x 28½". *Special Import* **1.98**

P730. BEATLE BANNER. In black & white; 18" x 42". *Only* **1.00**

P789. SIGNALS. Op circles and squares in dayglo fuchsia, dayglo green and rust. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

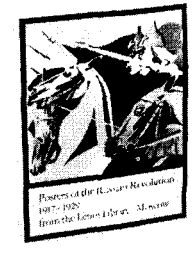
P780. Klee: FLOWERS *IN STONE.* Lithograph in orange, pale cream, green, blue, and rose. 18¾" x23½". *Pub. at $7.50. Now Only* **2.98**

P875. Esso Tiger: I NEED YOU NOW! In dayglo red and orange. 29" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P883. I WANT YOU. In subdued red and shades of blue. 29½" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" x 63". *Only* **4.95**

P966. POSTERS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION 1917-1929—from THE LENIN LIBRARY, MOSCOW: Portfolio of 40 Posters.



40 posters documenting the progress, and problems of the Russian Revolution—IN FULL COLOR—complete with historical background, and translations. Each approx. 19" x 27". *Portfolio of 40.* *Special* **29.95**

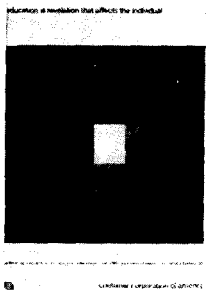
P878. JOIN THE CAVALRY. In subdued blues and browns. 29½" x 40¾". *Only* **1.98**

P976. CAMPBELL KID PSYCHEDELIA. Psychedelic foliage in a rainbow of bright, striking colors. 24" x 36". *Special* **2.95**

P960. PEACE/LOVE. Black with a day-glo rainbow background running from cerise through orange, yellow, green to blue. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P790. OUT-OF-STEP. Blue and dayglo orange patterns out-of-step with each other. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



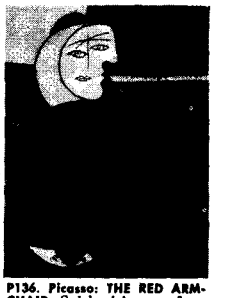
P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION IS REVELATION THAT AFFECTS THE INDIVIDUAL." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P716. Mucha: BIERES DE LA MEUSE. Muted tones of purple, yellow-gold, red, cream. A huge 34¼" x 53". *Special* **2.98**

P107. Goethe: "WHATEVER LIBERATES OUR SPIRIT . . ." Great Ideas poster with painting by Ernest Trova in browns & grays on black. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P149. FOUR MUSICIANS. In deep purples and red-purple on dark gold; coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P845. BANK by WARHOL. Delightful painted pig. "Pretty as a pigtail!"— superb photo-color fidelity right down to the bristles, in shades of red, blue, purple, yellow, beige. 45" wide x 30" high. *Special* **3.95**



P136. Picasso: THE RED ARM-CHAIR. Subdued browns & greens, with yellow and blue; 18" x 24" image area. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P567. Aubrey Beardsley: THE BELLY DANCE. Silkscreen in black on white. 16" x 22" on heavy white 20" x 26" stock. *Special* **1.00**

P747. THEATRE ANTOINE Poster. Shades of pale green, the Lautrec red-brown, and cream. 20" x 28". *Special* **1.00**

P151. NO-WHERE. Red-purple, teal blue & green predominate on coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P152. WHICH IS ME? In a gorgeous red with white lettering on coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P987. DON'T TRIP. Warning, over a handsomely rendered banana peel: shades of green & banana yellow. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

P983. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Opening night 1883. Gounod's FAUST with Campanini, Novara & Nilsson. 12"x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P159. LE SOLEIL—Tarot Card XVIIII. "The Sun," 19th card of arcana; mustard green & blue. 24¼" x 37¾". *Special* **1.00**

P881. BARBARELLA. Jane Fonda as *Barbarella* in a striking pose, in full color. 29¼" wide x 53" high. *Only* **1.00**

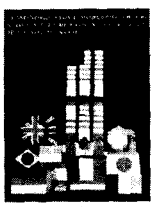
P569. Aubrey Beardsley: THE CLIMAX. Silkscreen in black on white. 16" x 22" on heavy white 20" x 26" stock. *Special* **1.00**

P156. "IF YOU ARE GOING TO DANCE . . ." In deep green and red-purple on teal blue; coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

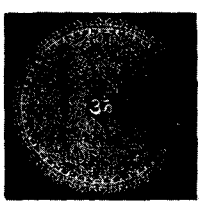
P160. JUPITER—Tarot Card V. Jupiter," 5th card of arcana; bright yellow, red & green. 24" x 37¾". *Special* **1.00**

P108. Louis Brandeis: ON DEMOCRACY. Painting by James Rosenquist in bright yellows & orange-browns. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P877. MEN WANTED FOR THE ARMY. Classic 1920's recruiting poster; shades of brown, red, blue. 29¾" x 42". *Only* **1.98**



P929. COCA-COLA INTERNATIONAL. In red, white, blue, green & gold on a black background. 35⅜" x 47½" on heavy paper. *Special* **1.00**



P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in gorgeous deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**

P984. RIGOLETTO: Metropolitan Opera Poster. Debut of Enrico Caruso, 1903, with Sembrich, Homer, Scotti. Journet. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P922. VIVA CHAVEZ—VIVA LA HUELGA. California Grape Workers Benefit; subdued brown, green, red. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

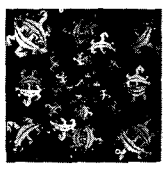
P748. GALERIE DU BAC Exhibition Poster. Burnt red, gold & cream. 20" x 28". *Special* **1.00**

P101. LONDON ZOO. In black on white; on coated stock. 26" x 40". *Only* **2.95**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude against a setting sun and waves; coated stock. 15½" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P153. PLASTIC FLOWER. Reds on deep blue; coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

P154. OLD LADIES' LOVERS. Dark blue-purple, browns, subdued chartreuse on coated stock. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.98**



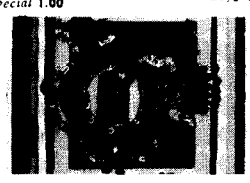
P112. FROGS. Dayglo cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green on matte black. 29" square. *Only* **1.98**

P118. DRAGON. Vivid dayglo colors on matte black. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P158. LE DIABLE—Tarot Card XV. "The Devil," 15th card of arcana; yellow, black & purple. 22¾" x 28¾". *Special* **1.00**

P113. UNCLE TOM. Green, brown, yellow predominate. 23½" x 33¼". *Only* **1.98**

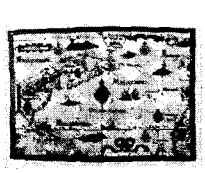
P130. TOM THUMB. Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21¾" x 27" image area. *Special* **1.98**



P150. KOO-KOO CLOCK. Purples, browns and greens on coated stock. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P985. MADAMA BUTTERFLY: Metropolitan Opera First Performance Poster. Farrar, Homer, Caruso. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P986. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR: "Met" Lily Pons Debut 1931. 12"x 16". *Only* **1.00**

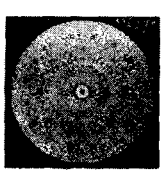


P832. SPECULUM MUNDI, 1558. In shades of red, blue, green & gold on heavy parchment-toned paper. 23" x 32". *Special* **1.98**

P749. LE JOURNAL. Red type, with deep blue, pale greens and tans. 28" x 35". *Special* **1.00**

P750. MISTINGUETT. Swirl of greens, blues and white. 28" x 35". *Special* **1.00**

P120. BOB DYLAN. In black with dayglo chartreuse highlights, and intricate background in dayglo red & orange. 20¾" x 30¾". *Only* **1.98**

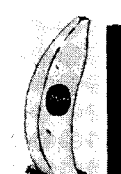


P121. MANDALA OF THE MAGNIFICENT. Silkscreened in dayglo cerise with blue, purple & gold. 34" square. *Only* **2.98**

P859. CATTLE BARON. Full *color inspiration* to break the dull steak habit. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.00**

P751. LA FILLE DE L'OUVRIERE. Reds, blues, and white. 28" x 35". *Special* **1.00**

P752. LA LOIE FULLER. In orange, green, and tan, with blue-gray background. 28" x 35". *Special* **1.00**



P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana *yellow*. 19" x a 48¾" banana high. *Special* **1.00**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, *cream* and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P785. Lautrec: CONFETTI. Lively *belle époque* poster, famous yellow and yellow-orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Only* **1.00**

P921. LOVE. Psychedelic swirls of matte tones, subdued reds, blue, purple, yellow, green, black. 42½" x 31⅝". *Only* **3.98**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

marboro Dept. RA-178
131 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10013

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 50¢ postage and handling on all orders.) Minimum mail order $3.

☐ Send C. O. D. ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my (check one) —Amer. Exp. —Diners Club —Carte Blanche —Uni-Card —First Nat'l City Everything Card

& write in your account #_____

P100	P101	P107	P108	P109	P110
P111	P112	P113	P114	P115	P116
P117	P118	P119	P120	P121	P127
P128	P129	P130	P135	P136	P149
P150	P151	P152	P153	P154	P155
P156	P158	P159	P160	P567	P569
P570	P571	P572	P573	P634	P646
P649	P665	P666	P667	P676	P677
P681	P706	P716	P730	P737	P747
P748	P749	P750	P751	P752	P756
P757	P760	P775	P780	P785	P786
P788	P789	P790	P793	P794	P797
P802	P815	P818	P832	P837	P845
P849	P858	P859	P871	P872	P875
P876	P877	P878	P880	P881	P883
P884	P921	P922	P929	P960	P962
P963	P966	P976	P983	P984	P985
P986	P987	P989	P993		

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip Code . . . . .

New York City residents add 6% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The NLF asks the American Left:

"Where are you now that we *really* need you?"

LATE IN APRIL OF THIS YEAR, I began to receive urgent messages from the Swedish International Liaison Committee asking me to attend an "emergency action conference" on Viet-Nam from May 16 to 18. Like others invited, I hesitated. Stockholm was too far; there was no money to pay the expensive air fare; what could a conference possibly accomplish? And, why an "*emergency action* conference"? Although I knew in my mind that the war was still raging and Nixon was determined to keep a grip on South Viet-Nam, all the talk about negotiation made me think that this might, after all, be the last act of the drama. In fact, the days spent in Stockholm, particularly with the Vietnamese, were so pleasant that it was hard to think of the war. I have never met anyone who looked less martial than the Vietnamese of the NLF and the DRV (Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam), although many of them had years of guerrilla fighting behind them. The Vietnamese asked nothing from the Americans except support for their ten-point proposal, nor did they talk much about the horrors of the war.

When I returned to Berkeley, the city was under military occupation. The memory of Stockholm faded rapidly under the impact of Reagan and Madigan's little counterinsurgency. Only now, in London, have the reasons for the emergency action conference become clear to me. Today's Paris Herald Tribune (June 5) reports that May set a record for B-52 raids over South Viet-Nam. The Quaker White Paper of May 5 said in its typically quiet way: "The cumulative result of U.S. involvement borders not on Viet-Nam's salvation, but on its death." America, repeatedly denied victory, now has chosen the ultimate solution—the destruction of South Viet-Nam.

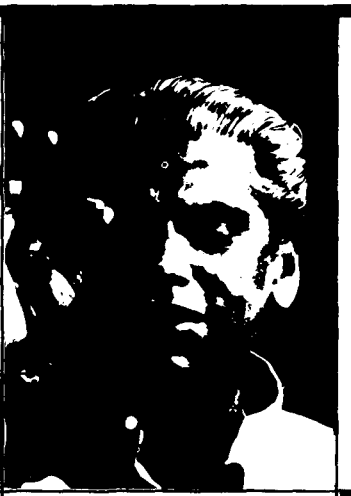
I still do not fully understand why there was no sense of crisis at Stockholm. In particular, I do not understand why the Vietnamese, who came in strength from Paris, Hanoi and the jungles of South Viet-Nam, did not inject a sense of urgency into the meetings. Yet I should have been prepared for this sense of calm since I had had a similar experience in Hanoi. I had expected to see the population there tense and constantly fearful of American raids. Instead, I saw people going about their business, moving fast only when the air raid alerts sounded. At times North Viet-Nam seemed like a land at peace, but everywhere one could see the ruins and, on occasion, hear the Shrike missiles exploding in populated areas. When I asked the Vietnamese about this calm, they said that they would never allow the U.S. Air Force to dominate their lives, no matter how terrible the bombing. These are the people whose will the Pentagon intends to break by its bombing. Again, in Stockholm I expected to find Vietnamese as victims of American terror and instead found people of extraordinary humanity, the last people one could consider "victims."

The Vietnamese came to Stockholm in full strength. While, with their usual politeness, they spoke with all who came, for obvious reasons they gave particular attention to the Americans. I spent three evenings with them—Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the days of the conference. All the meetings were held in private homes; the first was held with all the Americans present, and the others with smaller groups to permit better discussion. The CIA's bugging devices picked up conversation which must be puzzling to the analysts in Langley. Much of it was an exchange of personal experiences. The Americans talked of the anti-war movement, student protest, the struggle against the military-industrial complex. The Vietnamese spoke about the NLF's ten-point proposal.

The Vietnamese knew that all the Americans present had political attitudes which went far beyond support of the Vietnamese. We were for a dismantling of the American Empire and its genocidal war machine, and for a radical transformation of American society. Even before the ten points were announced, we were for the unconditional withdrawal of all American and satellite troops from Viet-Nam, for the abandonment of the Saigon dictatorship, and for an end to the war of destruction. We did not have to come to Stockholm to say that. But as we talked during the first two evenings and later at a Chinese restaurant, I realized that the Vietnamese above all wanted to see and hear those Americans who had struggled for their cause since the inception of large-scale American aggression against Viet-Nam. Over the years, bonds of friendship had grown between Vietnamese and Americans. The Vietnamese wanted to be sure those bonds still existed. To

by Franz Schurmann

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



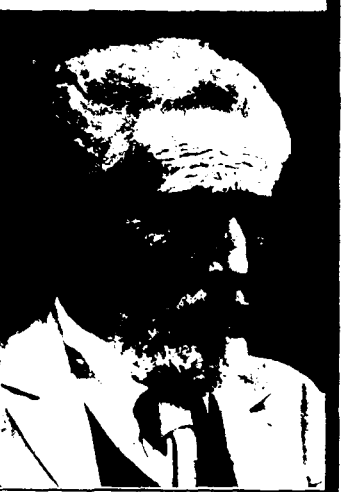
THERE IS AN OBLIGATION BETWEEN FIRST DEGREE SEARCHERS TO HELP EACH OTHER.

THESE PEOPLE ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW. EACH IN HIS OWN VOICE, IN HIS OWN WAY.

IF YOU WANT TO LISTEN, YOU CAN.

TIMOTHY LEARY
LENNY BRUCE
PANDIT PRANNATH
ALLEN GINSBERG
MALCOLM X
EZRA POUND
BILL EVANS
ROBERT KENNEDY

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY 3 RECORDS $6.00 (POSTPAID) EACH ADDITIONAL RECORD $2.50



MARTIN R. FELIX PRODUCTIONS: P.O. BOX 687 • F.D.R. STATION • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING RECORDINGS:

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY 3 RECORDS $6.00 (POSTPAID) EACH ADDITIONAL RECORD $2.50

- ☐ LENNY BRUCE
- ☐ MALCOLM X
- ☐ ALLEN GINSBERG
- ☐ EZRA POUND
- ☐ ROBERT KENNEDY
- ☐ PANDIT PRANNATH
- ☐ BILL EVANS
- ☐ TIMOTHY LEARY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many Americans that may sound like a naive and/or phony reason, but it springs directly from a way of acting which has given the Vietnamese the strength to resist the most powerful nation in the world. They long ago discovered the truth that a movement is people directly relating to each other in terms of a common cause.

THE VIETNAMESE BELIEVE THAT ideas and influences are transmitted mainly through personal contact. This may be because of their Confucian tradition, but more likely it has grown out of generations of experience in politics and war. What is a guerrilla war but networks of human bonds? In his book *The Viet Cong*, former USIA official Douglas Pike presents a picture of the Viet Cong as a kind of organizational weapon where men are manipulated by ideology, indoctrination, command, coercion, terror, etc. In the fashion of political scientists, he makes the war appear very abstract. And indeed for the Americans, the Viet-Nam war is abstract—except for those sacrificed on the innumerable "hamburger hills" of Viet-Nam. The B-52 pilot drops his load on something below and heads back to his officers' club in Thailand. But that abstractness is essential to the way the United States has chosen to fight the war. The Viet-Nam war has become genocidal through technology, which breaks all direct links between the makers and users of weapons and those whom they kill. The organization-man portrayal of the Viet Cong makes it easier to destroy him from afar. But those who are most dehumanized by this kind of war are the Americans, not the Vietnamese.

But militarists in Viet-Nam and fascists in our own police forces are not the only ones who act in terms of abstractions. We on the left also speak abstractly about "the movement," "the system," "the struggle." At the Stockholm conference we tried to reassure the Vietnamese that, even though the left no longer makes Viet-Nam its central issue, the wave of disruption in the United States is raising the social cost of the war for Nixon, thus contributing directly to its ending. Everyone is against the war now—except for the militarists who have a vested interest in it. We explained that Viet-Nam has now become a liberal's issue, and so the left has moved toward fighting the system directly: attacking the military-industrial complex, striking at institutional racism—in general, pulling out the seams of the system.

While appreciating this analysis, the Vietnamese asked numerous questions about specific anti-war actions: Are draftees and soldiers still refusing to fight in Viet-Nam? Who is writing and demonstrating against the war? What do people say about the NLF? (They still joked about "the faceless Viet Cong.") It was not enough for them that half our Congress demands an end to the war, that public opinion wants the U.S. out of Viet-Nam, that the stock market has shown its most consistent pattern in years in reacting to peace or escalation news about Viet-Nam. They did not come to hear those analyses which they already knew from the American mass media. They came to ask the Americans to support them, the National Front for the Liberation of South Viet-Nam.

Representatives from 53 countries and territories attended the conference. Gunnar Myrdal gave the opening speech, and Bertil Svahnstrom of the International Liaison Committee chaired the first session. But the key speeches were by Mrs. Nguyen Thu Binh, Nguyen Minh Vy, and Noam Chomsky. Mrs. Binh, speaking as a leader of a movement which in years of struggle has acquired a political and moral identity, told of the cruelties of the war and of the negotiations at Paris. Chomsky spoke as an individual, as did most of the other Americans, including Gabriel Kolko and Carleton Goodlett. He represented no movement, only his own moving record of thought and action in the struggle against American imperialism and militarism.

In the subsequent private meetings with the Vietnamese, we again spoke as individuals and they as members of a movement. There was some bickering among us, which distressed the Vietnamese, but what bothered them most was the egotism of the American "movement," its inability to unite around the issue of the war and the NLF's struggle. They know that American society is in a revolutionary upheaval, that the left has transcending domestic issues to deal with (like ghetto oppression, people's parks, police terror). They do not expect us to abandon these issues. But they believe fervently that the war and the struggle of the NLF is the paramount issue now facing the left throughout the world, and that the left can at least be temporarily united around that issue.

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE BEGAN on May 16, two days after Nixon's speech on Viet-Nam. Naturally that speech, and the ten-point proposal which the NLF had made some days before, were chief topics of conversation at Stockholm. The Vietnamese made few concrete references to the Paris negotiations, but Nguyen Minh Vy of the DRV delegation said, "The war is cruel but even more cruel are the negotiations at Paris." Mrs. Binh said the same. For the American negotiators at Paris, the discussions are a game to be played with all the adroitness they can muster; after the sessions are over, they can go on to their cocktail parties. For the Vietnamese, the Paris negotiations are part of the struggle which their compatriots are waging in South Viet-Nam. The NLF made it clear that the ten-point proposal was as far as they would go; some within their own ranks apparently believed that it had already gone too far.

The American position, as well as one can judge it, is that there must be "mutual withdrawal" of all "non-South Vietnamese" forces from South Viet-Nam *before* elections can be held. Naturally, the Americans have been vague about the exact role of the Thieu-Ky regime (which apparently has disquieted "President" Thieu). In Stockholm, we heard the NLF's first reactions to Nixon's proposals. Mrs. Binh, speaking with vehemence, stated three points summarizing the NLF reaction: (1) that the NLF would never agree to mutual withdrawal; (2) that the United States was as committed as before to the Thieu-Ky-Huong regime; and (3) that the United States was intensifying rather than de-escalating the war in South Viet-Nam. Her anger was greatest when she said that Nixon's proposals for mutual withdrawal were a "maneuver" to get Vietnamese to fight Vietnamese under the command of the Americans.

Washington's real attitude appears to be: any organized enemy forces are "North Vietnamese"; guerrilla units are "South Vietnamese." But since the guerrillas are by now a well organized fighting force, accepting the American definition of "non-South Vietnamese" would probably mean that, under mutual withdrawal, virtually all NLF fighting forces must withdraw from South Viet-Nam. If the Americans and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did over 3/4 million record and tape collectors pay $5 to join Record Club of America

when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free?

ANNOUNCING... SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HALF-PRICE MEMBERSHIP

ONLY $2.50

MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!

Compare Clubs and see	Columbia Record Club (as advertised in Stereo Review April 1969)	Capitol Record Club (as advertised in Look Feb. 4, 1969)	RCA Victor Record Club (as advertised in N.Y. Times Feb. 16, 1969)	Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as advertised in Playboy May 1969)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE AND REEL-TO-REEL TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Columbia, RCA Victor, Capitol, Angel, London, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	11	10	4	3	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or none at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$43.78 TO $54.78	$39.80 TO $49.80	$19.92 TO $23.92	$27.80	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! You get discounts up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

COMPLETE TAPE SERVICE AT NO EXTRA MEMBERSHIP FEE

LP DISCOUNTS TO 79%—PRICES AS LOW AS 99¢ PER RECORD!

Typical all-label "Extra Discount" sale

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE ..... $ .99
Frank Sinatra • Petula Clark • Glen Campbell
Nat Cole • Dean Martin • Dave Brubeck
Jack Jones • John Gary and others...

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE $1.25
Woodie Guthrie • Oistrakh • Richter • Callas
Rod McKuen • Tebaldi • Steinberg • Krips
Peter Seeger • Munch • Casals and others...

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE $2.49
Herb Alpert • Simon & Garfunkel • Ramsey Lewis
Belafonte • Supremes • Mamas & Papas
The Cream • Eddie Arnold • Monkees and others...

plus... from 50% to as high as 79% discount on famous labels: RCA Victor, Capitol, Columbia, Decca, Liberty, Motown, Elektra, Vanguard, and others.

TAPE DISCOUNTS—33⅓% —ALL LABELS
Cartridges, Cassettes and Reel-to-Reel

★ **Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Cartridges and cassetes included!**

★ **No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records or tapes or 100!**

★ **Save! Discounts up to 79%! Prices as low as 99¢ per LP!**

★ **Every record and tape brand new, first quality, factory fresh—and guaranteed fully returnable!**

★ **All orders shipped same day received—no long waits!**

★ **No "hold back" on exciting new records and tapes!**

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way you want it—the only record and tape club with no strings attached! Ordinary record or tape clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year usually at full price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record or tape you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98 or $6.95! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest and only all label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape, including cartridges and cassettes ... on any label ... including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You never pay full-price! You get best sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

How Can We Break All Record and Tape Club Rules!

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED ... NOT CONTROLLED ... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very newest records and tapes.

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE membership offer. Mail coupon with check or money order—NOT for regular $5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE ... just $2.50. You SAVE $2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee.

BEWARE...

...Of "imitation all-label" clubs. For example, Records Unlimited is secretly owned by... Columbia Records! They don't send a "master LP catalog" with all labels (we send one with over 15,000 listings on all labels). Their announcements stress Columbia products and they charge extra for many other labels. (We have no "parent" company telling us what label to push and there is never an extra charge for any label.) And, they don't offer any tapes at all! So beware of imitators. We are still the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED OR CONTROLLED BY any record or tape manufacturer.

Look What You Get

Lifetime Membership Card—guarantees you brand new LP's and tapes at discounts up to 79% ... Never less than ⅓ off.

Free Giant Master Catalog—lists available LP's of all labels! Over 15,000 listings! Also, FREE Master Catalog of Tapes sent on request.

Disc and Tape Guide—The Club's FREE Magazine, and special Club sales announcements which bring you news of just-issued new releases and *extra discount specials.*

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

Record Club of America's own computer system ships order same day received! Every record brand new, fully guaranteed.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join over one million budget wise record and tape collectors now. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Your $2.50 membership fee entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $1.00 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the more gift members you get—the more you save!

FREE! **World's largest Master Catalog of available LP's to choose from when you join Record Club of America**

Lists over 15,000 available LP's on all labels! Classical—Popular—Jazz—Folk—Broadway & Hollywood sound tracks—Spoken Word—Rock and Roll—Comedy—Rhythm & Blues—Country and Western—Dancing—Listening—Mood! No Exceptions!

FREE! **Master Tape Catalog of available cartridge, cassette and reel-to-reel tapes sent on request at no extra membership fee.**

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X988A
Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405

Yes—Rush me lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP Catalog (check box below if you also wish Master Tape Catalog) and Disc and Tape Guide at this limited Special Introductory Half Price membership offer. I enclose—NOT the regular $5.00 membership fee—but $2.50. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LP's and Tapes at discounts up to 79% plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obliged to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee. ☐ Send Master Tape Catalog

Also send _____ Gift Membership(s) at $1.00 each to the names on attached sheet. Indicate master catalogs required.

I enclose Total of $_____ covering one $2.50 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $1.00 each.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

 © 1969 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their satellites also withdraw, then this leaves the ARVNs (troops of the Army of the Republic of Viet-Nam) alone as a military force in South Viet-Nam. No matter how dispirited, fearful and ineffective a fighting force the ARVNs are, they could probably muster enough strength to extend their control over the war-devastated countryside once the NLF had withdrawn. Mutual withdrawal sounds so reasonable. What it really means is a call to the Vietnamese to lay down their arms and surrender.

On the other hand, the NLF's proposal to let the Vietnamese parties themselves settle the problem of their own armed forces in South Viet-Nam means automatic victory for the NLF. Despite their million-man army, the ARVNs would collapse once American support was withdrawn. News media sympathetic to Washington have tried their best recently to portray the ARVNs in a favorable light (maybe if they are able to shoulder the burden, U.S. troops can be withdrawn!); but the true picture has not changed for the last decade and a half. The United States still has not learned that the Vietnamese can be the bravest and toughest people in the world if they fight for their own country, but if asked to shed their blood for a foreign ruler, they are the worst of troops.

The ten-point proposal of the NLF can be stated as three basic demands: (1) the United States must begin the process of withdrawal of its troops from South Viet-Nam; (2) it must agree to the establishment of a coalition government to replace the present client regime of Thieu, Ky, and Huong; and (3) it must unequivocally de-escalate the war. While the first and third points have been consistently demanded by the NLF, the acquiescence in a coalition government is a new approach. Washington, knowing how much it has contributed to destroying the indigenous political movements of the South Vietnamese cities (notably Buddhist), fears that any coalition government will just be a prelude to the NLF taking power when U.S. forces leave. That fear is probably justified. On the other hand, the NLF, despite the fact that it is already a coalition (something often conveniently overlooked in the West), has been predominantly a movement of the peasantry. To govern effectively in a new South Viet-Nam, it must have the support of broad urban political elements which, in the past, have expressed themselves in the Buddhist and student movements. The social and political realities of South Viet-Nam will probably make a coalition government of various moderate and radical tendencies the only possible form of government in that country.

Nixon's speech seemed to have been a rejoinder to the NLF's ten-point proposal; indeed, he proposed eight points of his own for discussion at Paris. The tone was symbolized by one key sentence: ". . . we have to demonstrate . . . that confrontation with the United States is costly and unrewarding." Nixon says clearly that the United States cannot afford to lose any war. That means it cannot afford to lose the war in Viet-Nam. The Vietnamese have many times offered to let the United States depart from South Viet-Nam with honor. But Nixon stated with crystal clarity that the U.S. will not accept any disguised defeat. He said: "If we simply abandon our effort in Viet-Nam, the cause of peace might not survive the damage that would be done to other nations' confidence in our reliability." The same statements have been made by America's rulers ever since the beginning of the Cold War. An American defeat will start the dominoes falling. . . .

PARTICIPANTS IN THE STOCKHOLM conference pointed out what many newspapers in the United States have noted: that the war has been greatly escalated since the Nixon Administration came into power. B-52 raids are raining destruction on South Viet-Nam on a scale unprecedented in any previous war. Kolko noted that in the first nine months of 1968 two million craters, 15 by 23 feet, had been inflicted on South Viet-Nam by B-52's. I.F. Stone, in his May 19, 1969 newsletter, reported that in January 1969, B-52's dropped 129,700 tons of bombs on South Viet-Nam, the highest monthly tonnage since the air war began; at that rate, the number of craters in 1969 will be double that of the previous year. U.S.-initiated ground combat actions in 1969 have greatly increased over 1968.

Although not immediately apparent in the midst of the bland verbiage, Nixon's answer to the NLF demand for de-escalation of the war was clear—step up the war as much as possible, but quietly. That pleased the militarists. But Nixon knows well the limitations of American power in Viet-Nam. He knows that the "galloping optimism" of the last months of 1968 was smashed by the post-Têt offensive of the NLF. U.S. casualty figures once again rose dramatically, and U.S. forces were once again put on the defensive. He knows that victory cannot be won on the battlefield. Mrs. Binh's first reaction to Nixon's proposals was to label them a "maneuver." Maneuver—the word cropped up again and again in the Stockholm meetings. The Vietnamese said repeatedly and persuasively that Nixon's goals in South Viet-Nam had not changed from those of his predecessors—to keep South Viet-Nam under American control and maintain a Saigon puppet government in power. Only the means have changed.

If Nixon remains as determined to secure a military victory in South Viet-Nam as he indicated in his speech, then the rain of destruction will continue to pour down over the Vietnamese. And as the war becomes more technological, it becomes more genocidal. Nixon's adroit maneuvering makes it difficult to realize this, and rearouses hopes that the end of the war may be just around the corner. In fact, four million people (one-third the rural population of South Viet-Nam) have been driven off the land and into the cities by American bombing. Saigon has become the most densely populated city in the world. The killing, bombing, starvation and disease exceed that caused by the Germans in World War II.

How can one explain to the Vietnamese that the revolutionary action of setting up a "people's park" is linked to their struggle for survival and victory? That is what we, individuals from the American left, tried again and again to explain in Stockholm. The American left's response to the war is an escalating series of guerrilla-type actions directed against the system. None by itself produces many tangible results, but together they are opening up the festering sores of American society. Viet-Nam was a powerful catalyst in the creation of revolutionary currents in America. But the Vietnamese want to know how this relates to Viet-Nam, how it helps bring an end to the genocide being practiced on their people.

I THINK THERE IS A MAJOR ERROR of thought which the left has made concerning Viet-Nam, particularly the ideologically inclined left: it has refused to believe that Viet-Nam is really a critical issue for the American ruling class. Accepting conventional Marxist interpretations of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Any 3 of These Remarkable Books FREE with Your Introductory Subscription (AT A SAVING OF 25%)

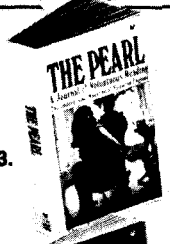
to the New, Monthly EVERGREEN REVIEW ... *The Most Exciting, Tuned-in Magazine Published Today*

1. **A MAN WITH A MAID**

A runaway national best seller. This anonymous classic of literature in the Victorian tradition explores with rare candor the various relationships between a gentleman and a woman whom he holds in bondage.

2. **LIFE AND LOVES OF FRANK HARRIS**

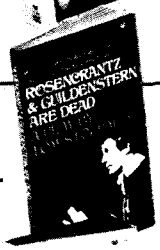
The famous, long-suppressed 1000-page volume of one of the frankest autobiographies ever written. Now available in one giant volume.



3. **THE PEARL**

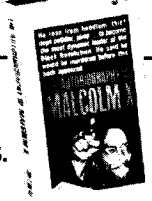
3 Volumes Complete in 1 Giant Volume

This giant volume of "Facetiae and voluptuous reading" includes six complete novels that are standards of the black literature of the time ("Lady Pokingham, or They All Do It," "Miss Coote's Confession," "La Rose d'Amour, or The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of Pleasure," etc.) A remarkable collector's item.



4. **ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**

By Tom Stoppard. The prize-winning international and Broadway play that has already become a classic of the theatre.



5. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X**

The bestselling book in which Malcolm X predicted his own murder. Irresistible and absolutely essential reading.

6. **LA MAISON DE RENDEZVOUS**

By Alain Robbe-Grillet. "A new literary entertainment . . . murder, sex, money, beautiful girls strolling the streets of Hong Kong." (N.Y. Times) A provocative novel by this leading French writer.

7. **MY SECRET LIFE**

"The anonymous autobiography of a wealthy Victorian who lived for sex alone." (Book Week)

8. **THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH**

By Franz Fanon. The famous handbook of the black power movement. *"Readers owe it to their education to study the whole of it."* (Saturday Review)

Yes, Evergreen's Editors would like to send you any three of these eight exciting books you choose—with their compliments.

This richly rewarding gift is our way of inviting you to celebrate with us a new phase of the exciting cultural explosion we are living in, as Evergreen Review becomes a *monthly* magazine (instead of publishing every two months as in the past). We think you will share with Evergreen's more than 200,000 readers (grown from 25,000 just two years ago) a delight in the most adult—the most literate—the most exciting and meaningful writing, theatre and art on today's cultural scene. Every issue is a fresh experience, filled with the work of the most gifted writers, artists, playwrights, and photographers in the world—lavishly illustrated with eye-opening color and stunning photos.

Actually, this change to monthly publication has long been overdue. Even though Evergreen has been a leader in introducing the freshest, most gifted writers and artists, it has often been a frustrating and heartbreaking task to choose from an embarrassment of riches. After all, why should our readers have to wait two months for such stimulating, varied reading as these recent features:

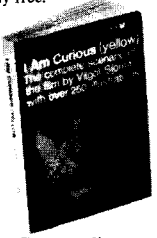
- **THE BEARD**—the full text of the sensational "funny, fast and authentically outrageous brilliant little monster of a play." (Newsweek);
- **FILM A LA WARHOL** — Behind the scenes with the DeMille of the underground set;
- **CHE GUEVARA**—What really happened in the Bolivian jungles, plus Che's own reminiscences of the guerrilla days with Fidel Castro;
- **A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT EROTICA**—Alain Robbe-Gillet, one of France's most distinguished novelists, expresses his intriguing views on everything sexual from Kinsey to Cardinale;
- **LE ROI JONES VS. "WHITEY"** — Saul Gottlieb's interview with the poet and black militant shortly after the Newark riots—*plus the poem that the judge cited in giving Jones an unprecedentedly savage sentence;*
- **THE FALL OF JERUSALEM** — A report by Abdulah (né Marc) Schleifer;
- **POETRY BY HO CHI MINH** — Nine "Prison Poems" by the President of North Vietnam;
- **THE NEW EROTICISM** — A noted art critic surveys and illustrates the new, sexuality in the world of painting, sculpture and dance;
- **ED (EPIDERMAL) ART** — Six glorious pages of eight fantastic females illustrating the newest, wildest art form ever;
- **CONFESSIONS OF A HIPPIE** — An exclusive interview telling it like it is — exactly like it is—on the hippie scene . . . sex, drugs, babies, homosexuality, you name it;
- **ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD** — the complete script of this international hit that may well be one of the most important and enduring plays of this century;
- **THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TRIP** — Timothy Leary takes you on a guided visit to turned-on Anglo-India, a hip session of London's Parliament and the Beatles' revelations;
- **I WAS CURIOUS** — Excerpts from the diary of this sensational Swedish film kept by the Director.

AND MORE, MORE, MORE!

Exciting? Yes. Provocative? Yes. Fresh and literate? Yes. Why miss out on the Evergreen Review explosion? Take advantage of this introductory subscription at the low rate of only $9 for the next year—12 issues at a saving of $3 from the newsstand price. And at the same time, choose any three of the eight books shown here as your FREE BONUS. There never was a better time to see the new monthly Evergreen Review.

P.S. Here's a wonderful "extra"

. . . you also receive full benefits of membership in the Evergreen Club, the only Club of its kind that makes available honest, powerful, adult books which may never show up at your corner bookstore. Members *never* have to buy any book ever, but if they do, they benefit from unusually low Club prices. Your membership is completely free.



An Extraordinary "Extra" Bonus

I AM CURIOUS

The complete scenario and over 250 still photos from the sensational Swedish film.

It is yours as an extra free bonus simply for saving the bother of bookkeeping and billing on your introductory subscription.

Anniversary Gift Enrollment

R-10

EVERGREEN REVIEW 315 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

Gentlemen: I wish to take advantage of your offer which entitles me to one year (12 issues) of **Evergreen Review** at the low rate of $9 (saves 25% from the newsstand price). I'll also receive as a Gift the three books I have listed. In addition, I am to receive all benefits of Evergreen Club Membership with no obligation to buy any book ever.

| # |

Special Bonus Offer: If you enclose payment now, you will also receive a free copy of a fourth book—I AM CURIOUS.

☐ Enclosed is my check for _____ ☐ Please bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ SAVE $2 more: Check here if you prefer 2 years (24 issues) at only $16 (an extra saving of $2) — **plus all free books as above.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imperialism, it assumed that the Viet-Nam war was fought for the defense of imperialist economic and political interests. Believing in the rationality of the ruling class, it further assumed that once the short-term economic utility of that war diminished, the ruling class would order the government to terminate it; after all, the state is but the instrument of the ruling class. There is an element of truth in this. As the balance of payments crisis has worsened and inflation has threatened to get out of control, businessmen have pressed for a termination of the war. But even if Eisenhower believed that Viet-Nam had to be held for its raw materials, this (along with any other economic reasons motivating Kennedy and Johnson) has declined as a rationale for the war. At this point there really is no economic rationale to explain the genocide in Viet-Nam.

There is, however, one key issue in the Viet-Nam war, present from the beginning, which has now assumed overriding importance: does America have the power to destroy a popular revolution? Ever since World War I, America has lived with periodic outbursts of paranoia that darker, poorer hordes would burst forth from the recesses of the Eastern Hemisphere and overwhelm God's chosen country. Paradoxically, they thought the Germans in World War I were part of that threatening wave. They called the Germans "Huns," "Teutono-orientals." Then, after the war, the "yellow hordes" became "red" as revolution appeared to be spreading from Moscow. During the years of the liberals' reign, beginning with FDR, a new confidence emerged that, perhaps after all, the dark peoples could be converted to light, and there was even hope that "red" could become "pink" and eventually "white." But when the period of docile decolonization was followed by social revolutions in the poor countries (Cuba and Viet-Nam being the most threatening), the old paranoia began to revive. Now social insurgency has spread even to the advanced capitalist countries, in the form of minority revolts and student movements. There is no sign that this wave of insurgency will diminish. As the poor countries become poorer and military dictatorships impose tighter grips on them, the pressures of revolution rise. As cities and universities continue to decay in the advanced countries, fuel for new insurgencies is created.

Americans have seen the Vietnamese mount effective resistance against the most powerful nation in the world. They have seen that insurgency grows from rebellion to revolution to organized military action on a large scale. They have seen their own capabilities, particularly in the area of manpower, diminish. Their last weapon is technology, particularly airpower. If they cannot win or at least achieve decisive advantage against the Vietnamese through technology, then *what will they do when other Viet-Nams erupt?*

THE VIETNAMESE BELIEVE THAT the Viet-Nam war is the paramount issue facing the left. The Pentagon similarly believes that the test of technological counter-insurgency in Viet-Nam is critical for America's defense in the future. It would like to continue that test without arousing further antagonism: lower the costs in men, money and matériel; avoid antagonizing people by keeping silent about the destruction; allow Nixon to maneuver in Paris and elsewhere. Viet-Nam may not be a critical issue for America's businessmen, but it is *the* critical issue for the Pentagon. Never since the end of World War II has the Pentagon been subject to such pressures as now. Never has the opposition to the Viet-Nam war been as great. The only criterion for the effectiveness of that opposition is whether the scale of warfare in Viet-Nam goes down. Needless to say, once the genocide has been completed, opposition becomes irrelevant.

A few years ago, the government and its academic apologists told the American people that Viet-Nam was a testing ground for Mao Tse-tung's theory of national liberation movements. Therefore, America had to prove to the Chinese and to any potential national liberation movements that America was no "paper tiger," that it could defeat them. Nothing has changed but the means in the Pentagon's determination to win that test. But the change in means is not just a tactical shift. In the course of the war, the Pentagon has discovered a basic strategic reality which not only has made a change in tactics imperative, but has also intensified the necessity of winning the "test." That reality is the incapacity of the United States to rely on manpower, its own or that of its satellites, to crush popular revolution. The current decisive shift to reliance on technology rather than on men marks a major characteristic of Nixon's general military policy.

In 1959, Maxwell Taylor of the U.S. Army (later Kennedy's Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and then ambassador to Saigon) wrote a book, *The Uncertain Trumpet,* in which he advocated a greater buildup in conventional warfare capabilities to meet "limited war" situations. He argued, as did Kennedy, that Dullesian doctrines of massive retaliation were, in effect, paper tigers. The United States, even with massive nuclear superiority, would not start a nuclear war, and this would leave the communists and other troublemakers free to wage brushfire wars with impunity. Taylor advocated a large-scale buildup of the U.S. Army to meet such challenges, and Kennedy supplemented that with his notions of counter-insurgency. Both notions depended on the availability of manpower, American and foreign, to fight such brushfire wars.

During the years 1964 to 1966, Dean Rusk flew around the world urging America's Asian and European allies to send troops to Viet-Nam. Some were sent, but in numbers so small that the euphemism "allies" could not disguise the overwhelmingly American character of the intervention. As protest to the war grew in the United States, draft resistance and then resistance within the Army itself intensified. In Viet-Nam, less than one-fifth of the half million American troops there take part in combat, the low ratio being due to the high support ratio of the American armed forces. Although Americans in combat acquit themselves bravely, as we saw recently in the "Hamburger Hill" operation, America's combat effectives are few in number, and getting fewer all the time. Viet-Nam has demonstrated America's incapacity to mobilize large numbers of its own or other countries' men to fight its imperial wars. On the other hand, the Vietnamese have shown an extraordinary capacity to recruit new soldiers to their cause from among the population. No man can be coerced into fighting as bravely and efficiently as do the Vietnamese in the NLF. The pathetic ARVNs are a supreme example of the kind of soldiers created by coercion and forced drafting. The war has, in fact, become a testing ground of a major Chinese proposition of guerrilla war—that men are more important than weapons. The war, under Nixon, is becoming one of men (Vietnamese) against weapons (American).

The sophisticated and diversified use of air power has become the chief American weapon in Viet-Nam (well de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I.F. STONE In a Time of Torment

OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED INDEPENDENT JOURNALIST ON THE MOST URGENT ISSUES AND KEY PERSONALITIES OF OUR TIMES: LBJ, THE WAR IN VIETNAM, FULBRIGHT, THE NEGRO REVOLUTION, THE KENNEDYS, MALCOM X, THE LEFT, THE RIGHT, AND WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

"Stone's journalism is remarkably unperishable."

—*Erwin Knoll* in THE PROGRESSIVE

This book presents the best of I. F. Stone's pieces written over the last five years. It goes beyond being a chronicle of Mr. Stone's journalism. It is an incisive view of the Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson, Senator Fulbright and Curtis LeMay, Hubert Humphrey and Malcolm X, and other significant political figures of the Left, Right, and Center—who they are, what they want, and how their strengths and weaknesses affect the quality of our times.

In January, 1953, Mr. Stone launched his own independent newsletter, *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, which immediately distinguished itself for its biting opposition to McCarthyism, then in its heyday—and has since achieved an international reputation for outspoken journalism:

"There is fine intellectual nourishment in Stone's moral indignation."
—*Stuart W. Little*
in the SATURDAY REVIEW

"He is a journalistic pamphleteer in the highest sense of that anachronistic craft because he has an eye and mind for essentials, because he owns his own press and he has something to say."
—*Laurence Stern*
in THE WASHINGTON POST

"I. F. (Izzy) Stone is in a class by himself. While the young editors of the proliferating underground press act as though they discovered journalistic dissent, Stone's Weekly has been putting down authority for 15 years."
—NEWSWEEK

"No Washington reporter is so exquisitely unforgiving of government stuffed shirts, bullies, windbags, liars and the rest of that mighty legion."
—*Robert Sherrill* in COMMONWEAL

"He is the master debunker of the ponderous platitude and the gilded lie . . . a master of the felicitous phrase . . . He may infuriate or inspire, but he never bores."
—*Ronald Steel* in BOOK WORLD

"Izzy Stone has taken upon himself the painful role of watchdog in a time when most of his colleagues bark rarely and bite not at all."
—*Sol Stern* in RAMPARTS

"His weapons include humor and satire . . . 'In a Time of Torment' . . . will delight or enrage you. . .it will not leave you unmoved."
—*Robert Cromie*
in THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"Stone is a small outpost of the Left who cannot be pigeonholed because some of his greatest shafts are aimed at people with whom he sympathizes."
—*Stan Isaacs* in NEWSDAY

"Izzy Stone is a newspaperman who gives other newspapermen pride in their profession but makes them envious of his craft." —*Robert W. Smith*
in the MINNEAPOLIS STAR

"Neither secrecy blackouts nor 24-hour rumor factories can throw him off the scent. He puts together the clues everyone else has ignored or forgotten."
—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"What really emerges in this invigorating book is Stone's basic love for America. That, in a sense, is why he has become perhaps its severest critic. He wants the Republic to survive."
—*Wm. Hogan*
in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"The concern that holds his writings together, that gives shape and style to their characteristic angles and perspectives, is a moral concern, against which the art of politics, as currently practiced, is a confidence game."
—*Patrick MacFadden* in THE NATION

"A man like Stone isn't going to waste valuable time fingering the holes in the arguments of people like Secretary of State Rusk. A quote and a comment suffice. 'Every small state,' Rusk said, 'has a right to be unmolested by its neighbors even though it is within reach of a great power.' This will add to the Secretary's fame as a humorist in Guatemala and Cuba."
—*Alex Campbell*
in THE NEW REPUBLIC

"What sets Stone apart from the pack is his uncompromising radicalism."
—*Richard Dudman*
in THE WASHINGTONIAN

"He is a man of learning and gentleness . . . He can write in white heat, thoughtfully." —*Alvin Beam*
in THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

"Unlike Mencken, his iconoclasm is not for sport. Unlike Lippmann, his sense of history and perspective have not been corrupted by political overexposure." —*Kenneth J. Harvey*
in the MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

SAVE $1.00
ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER

To: I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY
5618 Nebraska Ave., N.W.,
Washington, D.C. 20015 R-8

Please fill my order as checked below, for which I enclose check or money order in the amount indicated.

☐ I. F. Stone's *In a Time of Torment*, at the special price of $6.95

☐ A year's subscription to *I. F. Stone's Weekly*. $5.00
Total amount enclosed $.....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scribed in Gabriel Bonnet's recent book, *La Guerre Revolutionnaire du Vietnam*). Fighter aircraft and B-52's have virtually replaced artillery; in fact, they have almost replaced troops as the chief instruments for destroying enemy units. Westmoreland used troops to make contact with the enemy, then withdrew them and called in planes and artillery to decimate the enemy units. Helicopters have been used in the most varied of ways. Of considerable importance to potential counterinsurgency in other countries is the use of helicopter gunships to attack urban insurgents, as could be seen on American television screens during last year's Têt Offensive. But the most important aerial weapon remains saturation bombing by B-52's of virtually the entire rural area of South Viet-Nam (supplemented by defoliation and crop destruction). That bombing is designed to empty the "ocean" in order to deprive the "fish" of water.

Can the Vietnamese survive and win in the face of this holocaust? If they do, then it will be in the same way they have survived and won during the past years. The U.S. government and its academic helpers have published many studies of what makes the Viet Cong fight, some of which have even been informative. But the left has shown amazingly little interest in the Vietnamese as a people, and that interest has even been declining in recent months. Ho Chi Minh is a familiar and revered figure, but beyond him the Vietnamese remain abstract. Few on the left listen to Vietnamese music; some have laughed at the clumsiness of Vietnamese films. In fact, the only films on Viet-Nam which have made an impression have been those made by Americans, Frenchmen or Cubans. Perhaps the Vietnamese are too remote culturally for Westerners to understand, and so have been relegated to that general category of strange Asians, worthy of respect but inscrutable. Compared to the massive amount of literature about Cuba, there is little left literature on Viet-Nam (as distinct from the Viet-Nam war). Cuba is closer to the Western experience. Much of its music is North American, and even "Guantanamera" can be sung. Che Guevara is a more real figure to Americans than is Ho Chi Minh. In the 1930's, Spain became a reality to the left, as a people, a culture, a struggle. Not so in the case of Viet-Nam. For the left as for much of the rest of America, the Vietnamese are still "faceless."

ALL THIS WOULD NOT MATTER in ordinary times, for no people has any obligation to understand and feel the culture of another. But today we are not just witnessing the agony of the Vietnamese; we must realize that if they should be crushed, so will popular revolutions elsewhere. If the Pentagon wins its test of technological counterinsurgency, it will pass on its weapons and experiences to the forces of law and order for use on protesters and rebels in America itself. (Indeed it already has.) The left in many parts of the world may soon have to learn to survive the forces of repression as the Vietnamese have learned. But no amount of organizational studies of the Viet Cong will ever reveal the sources of their strength. The more one looks at the ideology and organization of the Vietnamese, the less convincing they are as factors in this strength. Perhaps the secret lies in what Mao Tse-tung calls "spirit." But "spirit" means nothing to the practical American mind.

I do not know if that spirit of love of country and people I saw in North Viet-Nam last year and again in Stockholm was the same years ago. I suspect it was there in a general way, but the Vietnamese movement in its earlier stages put great stress on ideology and organization. As the horrors of the war intensified, maybe to the surprise of the Vietnamese themselves, the sentiments of patriotism became more and more apparent. They began to see that their soldiers fought, not because of ideology and organization, but because of deeper sentiments. As those sentiments became more important, so did the humanization of the movement, and that humanization became the greatest source of its strength. Ironically, the impersonal technological monster which is the U.S. Air Force can take the credit for having helped give the Vietnamese their present endurance and power.

To "remember Viet-Nam" is not just an obligation of the left to continue the pressure to end the war and save Viet-Nam from genocide. By making the Vietnamese and not just the Viet-Nam war real, the left may discover that its own ability as revolutionaries to love America will give it a source of strength and solidarity it does not have now where each does his own thing. Even more, the portrayal of the Vietnamese as a real people may finally make the American people aware that there is only one meaningful political force in South Viet-Nam —the National Front for the Liberation of South Viet-Nam.

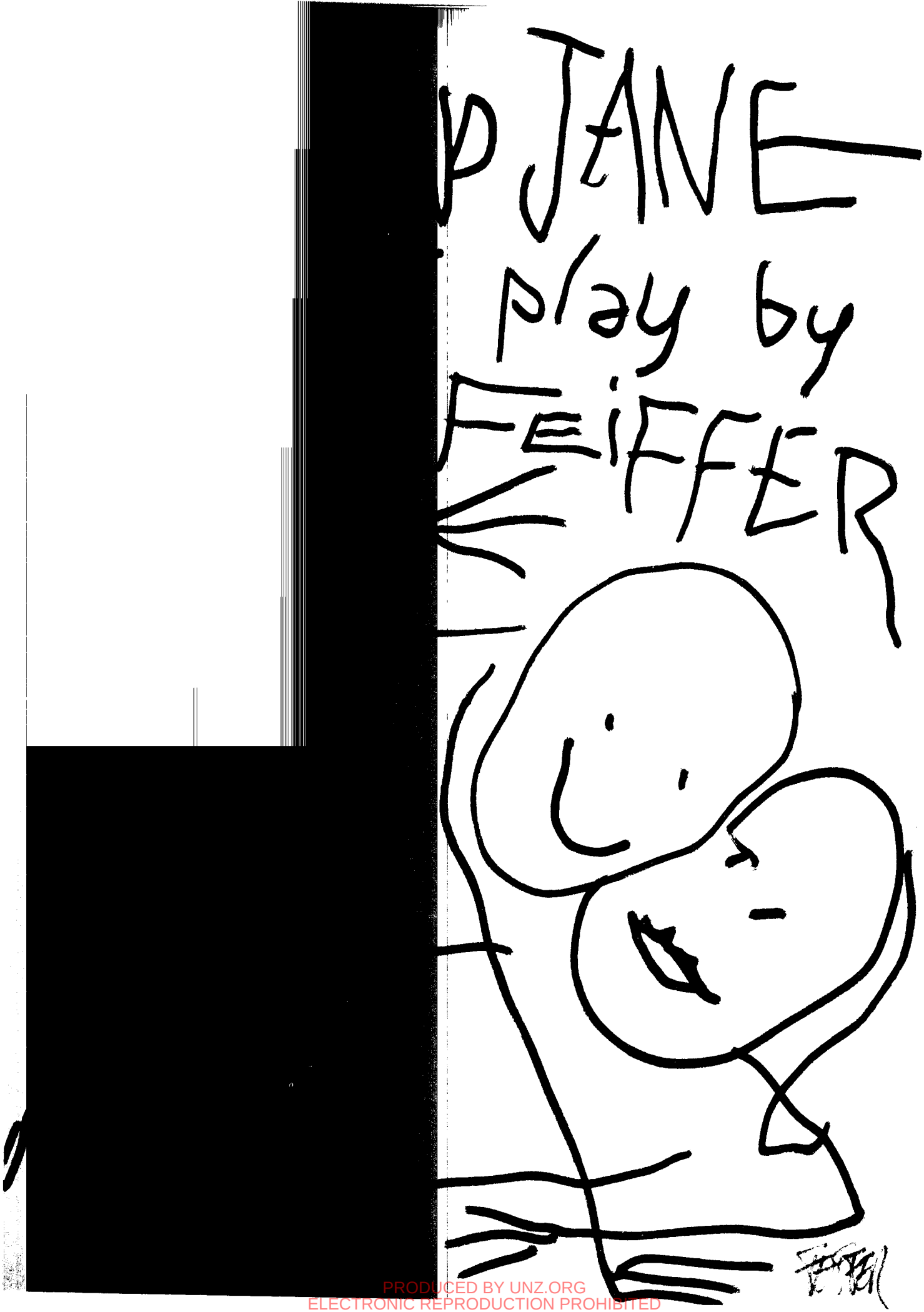
The war is going to enter a critical phase this summer. Nixon has announced some future withdrawals of American troops from South Viet-Nam, and "President" Thieu will happily express his agreement to hold elections. Like Laird's famous ten per cent budget cuts in B-52 raids, the Nixon-Thieu maneuvers will probably be accompanied by an intensification of the war, particularly of airborne destruction. New records in monthly bomb tonnage dropped will be achieved. If the substitution of air power for men can keep casualties down and, with the resulting withdrawal of troops, cut costs, and if the sleight-of-hand can kindle hope that something may be moving in Paris, then the Pentagon can continue its war until decisive results have been achieved.

The "working group on action" of the Stockholm conference proposed several lines of international action on Viet-Nam. In the Stockholm tradition, they are circulating a broad international appeal urging American withdrawal from Viet-Nam and acceptance of the ten-point proposal of the NLF. They urged demonstrations, meetings, vigils for July 4 and July 20 (July 20 is the fifteenth anniversary of the Geneva Accords). They called for boycotts of American products, isolation of and protests against American officials, appeals to American military men to refuse to fight in Viet-Nam. And they recommended that intensive efforts be made to explain the ten-point proposal, and, above all, to make the Vietnamese of the NLF real and visible through the mass media, notably television.

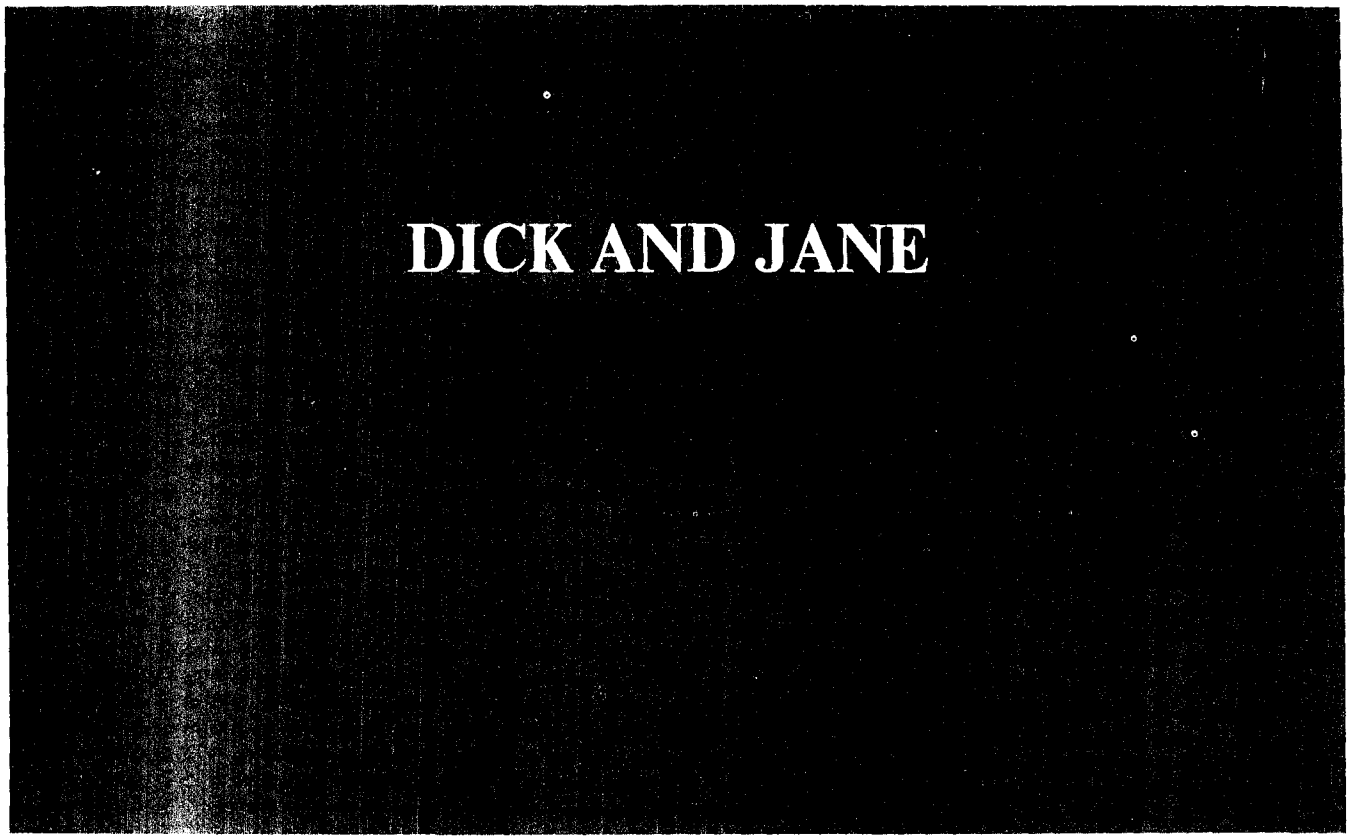
But most important is that in the hundreds of local struggles waged during the summer and autumn, the issue of Viet-Nam and the Vietnamese be constantly raised. No matter how tired Americans may have become of the war, they must be reminded that the fate of the brave Vietnamese will determine what happens to them at home.

Franz Schurmann is a professor of history and sociology at U.C. Berkeley. He is the author of Ideology and Organization in Communist China (*U. of Calif. Press*) *and co-author of* The China Reader (*Vintage*).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DICK AND JANE

Night in a bedroom. Lights are out. The room is black.

JANE Not that way—
(*Grunts uncomfortably*)

DICK (*Grunts uncomfortably*) Ouch!

JANE I'm over here.

DICK (*Grunts uncomfortably*)

JANE Wait a minute—
(*Grunts*)

DICK Will you stop—

JANE (*Grunts uncomfortably*)

DICK Why can't we do it—

JANE Now where did you go?

DICK (*Grunts uncomfortably*)

JANE There. There. Perfect. Perfect. Now! Now!

(*Pause*)

DICK Shit.

JANE If you'd listen to me—

DICK Hold it—

JANE You're moving all wrong.

DICK Why can't we do it—

JANE Don't be in such a hurry. I'm not going anywhere. Let me do that.

(*Pause*)

See? I told you to let me—

DICK Shit.

JANE I'm over here.

DICK Hold it—

JANE That's better.

(*Pause*)

DICK (*A series of grunts.*)

JANE You're going too fast.

DICK (*Slower grunts*)

JANE Faster.

DICK (Faster grunts)

JANE Oh—Ohh—Ohhhhhhhhh—
(*He pants, out of breath as she sighs happily. A period of silence. Lights go on to reveal:* JANE'S *bedroom; a lamp by the bed; a door leading out into the hall, which is now closed.* JANE, *naked, lies under a sheet.* DICK, *his back to* JANE, *is sitting at far edge of bed. He rises and comes around bed. He is fully dressed in a business suit, and is putting on his hat.*)

DICK I have an appointment.

JANE You have a *what*?! At four in the morning you have a *what*?!

DICK I have an 8:30 appointment. Have to get crosstown, shower, and shave. Change suits. Eat breakfast.
(*Checks his watch*)
Really, it was great.
(*Starts toward door*)
It was the best.

JANE *You bastard!*

DICK (*Returns and sits, very formally, at edge of bed*)
What can I tell you? It was great.
(*Stiffly takes her hand*)
You're the greatest ever.
(*Dispassionately takes her in his arms*)
It's you and me all the way, kid.
(*Both pose lifelessly, then she begins to respond. She pulls him down on top of her, takes off his hat, switches off light. Pause.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JANE Where are you?
(*Door opens. Light from hall illuminates* DICK *at door, hat on, fully dressed.*)

DICK The greatest.
(*He exits. Silence.*)

JANE (*Very quiet*) Bastard.
(*Long pause. She shouts*)
You bastard!
(DICK *enters, crosses to* JANE'S *bed, leaving door ajar, so that for a while it remains the only source of illumination.*)

DICK (*Sits on edge of bed*)
I'll be honest with you, I'm not getting as much out of this as I expected. I expected, I don't know, a lot more, I don't know, a lot more, I can't put my finger on it, I don't know, but you know what I mean, it's not working out, it's nobody's fault, we've had some laughs, what the hell, right?
(*She stares at him silently. He is increasingly uneasy.*)

DICK I don't care what you call me. You can call me anything you like. You can think of me any way you like. That's your problem. It's not my problem. I go on my merry way.
(*She continues to stare silently.*)
You're a bitch, you know that? An aggressive man-eating bitch! Move this way—that way—too fast—too slow—up—down—stop—start—You goddamn traffic cop! Police brutality—that's what you're guilty of! A maid. I'm nothing but a maid. I come in three times a week, make up your body and go home.

JANE *Rush* home.

DICK Why not? It's quitting time, isn't it? After I boff you, my time is my own.

JANE To spend on more exotic pleasures.

DICK I do what I do the best way I know how to do it, then I go home and enjoy myself.

JANE And I know how.

DICK Big deal.

JANE With your filthy pornography.

DICK It beats the clean cut pornography I get around here.

JANE I'm sorry I can't rise to the level of your fantasy life.

DICK You could if you wanted to.

JANE Don't degrade me.

DICK You're not degraded in my fantasies, you're honored. I honor you.

JANE (*Shocked*) You don't use me in your fantasies—
(*He smiles.*)
You bastard! I'll sue you!

DICK When you're not in charge you get very up-tight.

JANE You have no right!

DICK Now you want to police my fantasies.

JANE It's *my* person! I should have some rights about the role I play. What's wrong with doing it the regular way?

DICK My father and mother did it the regular way.

JANE You're jaded.

DICK You're dead.

JANE Not so dead I can't get you aroused anytime I want to.

DICK Sure you can.

JANE Sure I can.

DICK You can't. I fake it.

JANE You can't fake a hard-on.

DICK Yes you can.

JANE You can not!

DICK Don't tell me I can't. I do it all the time. If you care enough you can fake anything. Even potency.
(*She stares, horrified. Her head sinks under the sheet.*)

DICK I thought you liked to talk afterwards. Isn't that one of your objections—that I'm dressed and out of here before we've had a chance to discuss how good it was? All right, we're talking. Except that's not enough, is it? If I give in to you on talking then the next request is to hold you. If I give in to you on holding the next request is to pet you. Except both of us pet you because you're guiding my hand. And soon the whole damn cycle starts all over again: higher, lower, over here, over there. Baby, I just like to get laid. I didn't bargain for all these extras. And when I have the temerity to suggest a simple little experiment—

JANE You're sick.

DICK If it gives me pleasure you tell me it's sick. To you anything more exotic than this way, that way is a perversion. You want to know why I get the hell out of here as fast as I can? Because of tension! This is a very tense bed.

JANE Not because of me!

DICK Sure. You're free.

JANE I *am* free!
(*She stares at him in silent challenge.*)

DICK (*Starts toward door*)
O.K. I'll get my equipment.

JANE No!

DICK She's free. What's the point? You don't like fucking, you like talking. You fuck for companionship. I'm a good fucker but a lousy companion. We're incompatible.

JANE I can't be what I'm not.

DICK You can't be what you are. I'm trying to free you.
(*Reaches for her, she recoils*)
See, how tense you are?
(*Puts hand on her neck*)
It's a steel column. I could break rocks on it. Here, let me show you a little exercise.
(*Stands on his head*)
Try it.
(*She hesitates*)
Come on, try it. It'll relax you.

JANE What will you be doing?

DICK Come on, you're making me mad!

JANE I don't trust you.

DICK (*Shouts*) Do we have to fight when I'm standing on my goddamn head? I didn't think it was possible but you make me tense even this way!
(JANE, *with great awkwardness, tries a headstand.* DICK *finally rights himself, puts his arms around her legs and holds her in upside down position.*)

DICK Doesn't that feel great?

JANE Let me down!
(DICK *starts to force his head between her legs.*)
Let me down, you sick bastard! Help! Rape!
(*He drops her legs.*)

DICK I banish you to permanent slavery!
(*Starts to leave*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JANE You want everything all at once. Give me a chance, for Christ's sake!

DICK You're crying. Why are you crying?

JANE You make me furious, that's why.

DICK Then don't cry! Hit!

JANE What!

DICK Be free! You hate me. Hit.
(JANE *throws her arms behind her back. He struggles with her till he breaks them free. Then, with a wrist lock, he forces her hand to his cheek and slaps it.*)
Hit.
(*He slaps harder*)
HIT.
(*Again*)
Hit. Come on! Like in *your* fantasies.
(*With her free hand she slugs him, then recoils in horror.*)
Very good.
(*He slaps her hard. She falls.*)
That's not a good fall. Try this.
(*He falls.*)
You fall tense. I fall free. Stand up, I'll show you.

JANE Don't push me.

DICK I won't push you.

JANE I want to do it by myself.
(*She rises.*)

DICK That's how you learn.
(*She staggers, catches herself.*)

JANE Wait.
(*She staggers again, catches herself.*)
I'll get it right this time.
(*She stands frozen, trying to fall.*)
What's the matter with me? I can't fall! Push me!

DICK Uh-uh.
(*He circles her, executing a series of expert falls. She stands frozen.*)

JANE Please push me. I can't move.

DICK You're afraid to make a commitment.

JANE I'm paralyzed.

DICK Some people can't handle freedom. You're one of them.

JANE Help me!

DICK I can only help those who help themselves.

JANE That's *God*, you idiot! What are you doing?
(*He is taking off his clothes.*)
Dick, I warn you—
(*He walks toward her. She screams. He passes her and crosses to bed. He picks up her dress, puts it over his head, then starts to get into it.*)
You maniac!
(*She lunges for dress. He turns away from her, throws her his suit.*)

DICK Role reversal time!
(*She drops suit.*)
Don't crush it! Dammit, put it on! It'll set you free!

JANE (*Picks up suit, rips jacket*)
You want me to be free?
(*Rips sleeve off*)
All right I'm free!
(*Rips other sleeve*)
Free!
(*Rips trousers*)
Free!
(*Throws herself on floor, goes through epileptic-like contortions.* DICK *watches, electrified.*)

DICK You've got it!

JANE (*Thrashing*)
I'm free! I'm free! I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!

DICK (*Starts off*)
I'll be right back. Stay that way. Don't change!
(*Exits*)

JANE Free!

DICK (*Enters wearing mask, carrying whip in one hand, black leather, high heeled, laced boots in the other. He throws them on bed, exits running. A basketball bounces in. He enters wheeling bicycle, carrying riding crop and watermelon. Basket on bike is filled with paint cans. He parks bike, reads labels on cans.*)
Purple. Emerald Green. Day-glo Orange.
(*To* JANE *who has slowly stopped thrashing and has risen to her knees in order to see better*)
You'll see, this is going to be great!
(*He tosses paint can and brush at her.*)
Start with this. Day-glo looks great on boobs. Be free!
(*Dashes out. Colored balloons float in. He re-enters, carrying large tin tub. Inside the tub sprawls enormous female store-window dummy.*)
Snap it up! Can't you get those cans open?
(*Exits. Re-enters carrying phonograph and movie projector. Turns them on: deafening loud rock, accompanied by a light show. Light show intensifies, becomes blinding. The last action we see is* DICK *leaping through air at* JANE, *an open umbrella in his hand. After a suitable lapse of time the rock record ends, the light show goes off, the room is black.*)
O boy, O boy, O boy, O boy, O boy. Did you ever dream it could be that good? I've never had it that good. Don't you feel good, Jane? I feel good. Don't you feel loose, like your limbs are floating in air? Don't you Jane? The best I ever had it. I'll have to tell you about the other times. Christ, we've got so much to talk about, Jane. You know, it's crazy, but I feel so close to you, as if for the first time I've seen you—I've seen what you're really like—I've seen your soul. And you've seen my soul, Jane. What does good or bad or ugly or sick mean when we've seen each other's souls? Listen to me talk. I never talk this way, you should know that if anybody does, but now you've got me talking a mile a minute, I can't stop. Would you believe it's me, Jane? Janie, honey, come lie in my arms for a minute.
(*He lights a match.*)
Jane. Where are you, Jane?
(*Match provides enough illumination for him to be seen crawling out from under overturned tub. He finds the lamp somewhere on the floor and turns it on. The room is a shambles, debris everywhere, the bed is broken.*)
Jane!
(*He starts going through debris.*)
Hey, Jane!
(*Looks under tub*)
Where are you?
(*Looks under bed, goes through blankets.*)
Jane! Hey, Jane! Hey, weren't you here? Don't tell me you missed it! Jane! Jane!
(*Opens door*)
Jane!
(*Exits, his voice fading as he disappears down the hall.*)
Jane! You should've been there! Jane!

(*His voice dies. Lights fade.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who is Melvin Laird?

by Karl Hess

EVERY ONE OF AMERICA's ten Secretaries of Defense has pursued the same end: the use of the military for politico-economic reasons. Each of the ten, however, has contributed some distinct stylistic innovation to the enterprise. The first in line was the oil-fixated banker, James Forrestal, author of the great "Military Unification" scheme which created the Department of Defense and the new cabinet post, in order to integrate the various armed forces and thereby rationalize the role of the military in the service of American financial interests.

Robert McNamara made his mark by transforming the Department of Defense from a mixed bag of militarism and mercantilism to the single most important boardroom in American corporatism. Under McNamara, the Pentagon became the corporate world's most accessible banker, builder, boondoggler, broker, blueprinter and brain truster. To the pitty-patting applause of every liberal reformer in the land, McNamara elevated the Pentagon from a mere servant of the mighty to a full-fledged partner, by regularly beating back into their bushes the primitive generals who wanted to play war on the battlefield, while advancing those who wanted to play corporate vice president or big brother to the under-developed. When he and his uniformed veeps finally did go to war, they brought to their job all the moral acuity of men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presiding over a change in body styles in a line of automobiles.

But not one who has held the post—from Forrestal through McNamara to Clark Clifford—has embodied the *political* essence of the office as ideally as does the current Secretary. Melvin Laird is not just another Secretary of Defense. As surely as Richard Nixon is the paragon President of corporate liberalism, Melvin Laird is the paragon Pentagonist of the politicized American military machine. Richard Nixon has spent his entire adult life in single-minded pursuit of personal power; Melvin Laird has spent his entire adult life in single-minded pursuit of power for his party. The differences are not of kind but only of focus. Laird loves it back there in the fuzzy part of the photo, solidly flanking the toothy crowd-pleasing figures up front. Nixon could never stand to exercise power so anonymously. With Laird it is the power that counts; with Nixon it seems always to be the picture.

If the world of Richard Nixon is one person wide, Laird's world is one party wide. But the worlds of both men are two years long. They end and then renew themselves with each off-year and general election.

The political universe in which they live is not, however, a mere fantasy. Whether we like it or not, we are its citizens. When these men in their political maneuvers move the special world which they view with their special eyes, all of us, whether unwitting bystanders or indignant protesters, go with it—even perhaps to its destruction. It is of vital interest to the indignant and the innocent to know what plans men like Nixon and Laird have in their grander purview.

Laird has written a book, *The House Divided*, which many have read as a hair-raising memoir-in-advance of his tenure in office. *The House Divided* is replete with ominous military-diplomatic doctrines. The most unnerving of these is Laird's version of the "first strike" strategy: "[Sound policy] depends most immediately upon finding the willingness to act without equivocation, announcing publicly and in such a manner as to leave no doubt, that the United States will take the initiative, not hesitating to strike first if the Communist Empire further moves to threaten the peace of the world, or the freedom of other peoples." The justification for this annihilationist doctrine is wholly theological: the West is God's citadel; the East, the anti-Christ's.

In the epilogue to the book, Laird states as his primary political point the need for: "a public conviction that beyond biological existence is a quality of life, a moral order and a divine creation; that the risk of death in physical life is a secondary danger compared to the risk of death of these values and beliefs."

Throughout the book there is, also, the explicit assumption that we hold a strategic advantage over the atheistic communists specifically because they value "mere biological life" more highly than spiritual values. The fact that our case is the reverse gives us the sort of advantage that a kamikaze pilot has over a man about to retire on a pension. When it comes to playing global chicken, therefore, it will always be the other guy who will swerve.

NOW, IF THOSE VIEWS WERE truly and deeply held by the Secretary of Defense, there is no degree of pessimism or alarm that would not be justified. Asking for Armageddon is a good way to get it. And a person who would, really, rather be dead than Red and who has the power to take everyone else with him, is a person to reckon with indeed.

Melvin Laird is not such a person.

I worked on this book with Laird, and I can say that the "mere biological life" and "God beyond history" portions of the book did not derive from Laird's own convictions or experience. They came instead from his personal assistant, then as now, William Baroody Jr., and from Father Stanley Parry, then of the political science department at Notre Dame. Profoundly impressed by the work of the German theo-historian Eric Vogelin, they had discussed it with Laird and won his agreement to using it as a basis in depth for strategies otherwise arrived at. Laird looked upon it not as eschatology but as a way in which to mark out a great Republican-Democrat distinction that would play on a guaranteed vote-getting area which, ironically, John Kennedy had pioneered—the defense or missile gap.

Despite the fact that Baroody is still as close to Laird as any man, the exoticism is foreign to Laird's own mentality and I would be very much surprised to see it entering into his serious calculations of policy. Mel Laird could hardly afford to be constrained by the categorical imperatives of the religious right; he is a politician, after all—and before all.

I have often heard him expound on the need for political "flexibility" in order to win political power. That is the sort of expression in a politician that is absolutely to be believed. And Laird was at bottom expressing a sober recognition when he quipped that singer Robert Goulet would make an ideal presidential candidate.

Laird was born into a class and a family in Wisconsin that would more naturally have Republican than Farm-Labor leanings (his family was in the lumber business). His early political career was not wracked by any ideological *sturm und drang*. He served in the Navy, got out, ran for the State Senate, was elected in 1946, and was reelected (without opposition) in 1948. He went to the 1948 Republican Convention as a delegate, obviously had his district sewed up, ran for the U.S. House, won handily in 1952 and has been coming back regularly ever since.

Many politicians are perennially returned to office. Few of them, however, get as good at their job as the real champions. Laird is one. Lyndon Johnson was another. Both won their titles—although one did it more publicly—by working behind the scenes to carry into day-to-day effect the motto that brought them success year by year: winning is the name of the game; power is the piece with which the game is played. I remember in 1960 when Charles Percy had lost control of the Platform Committee of the Republican Convention (on which I was serving as writer-coordinator), Mel Laird took charge with so little splash that no one lost face and the committee didn't even break stride. There was, at the time, a great crisis developing between the Nixon and Rockefeller forces. Rockefeller, wearing the colors of the open corporate liberal faction of the party, was said to be seeking a vastly warmer, more humane and welfarist platform than were the backers of the more traditionalist (i.e. rugged individualism rhetoric with corporate liberal actions) Nixon. Laird saved the day, averted a showdown, and saved face for everyone by means of a master-stroke which shows him to be as far above the average pol as Machiavelli was above some gate sergeant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instructing rookies on how to extort an extra penny from a market-bound farmer.

Laird's strategy was to call for a summit meeting between the two Republican giants, Rockefeller and Nixon. They would, it was said, iron out their own differences. What happened was that Rockefeller's people submitted a long list of platform proposals; Nixon accepted literally about half a dozen words. And then Laird let the waiting world know that a great and dramatic compromise had been reached. Rockefeller had the publicity which he wanted in order to indicate his high position in the party. Nixon had a new facet to his "reasonable" image. Conservatives had new reason to hate Rockefeller for turning their party pinko, and to accept the "compromiser" Nixon as the lesser of two evils. Moderates were able to swallow Nixon much more easily, and so on. Meanwhile what had happened in terms of the actual platform, which was Laird's alone, was exactly nothing. Such mastery of illusion is not a trivial but a major political skill.

Between elections, Laird remained head and shoulders above his colleagues. By the simple device of issuing an off-year Statement of Principle, signed by many congressional colleagues, he was able to guarantee himself the chairmanship of the Platform Committee in 1964.

PERHAPS LAIRD'S MOST IMPRESSIVE contribution, up until Nixon's election, was his cautionary role in regard to the war against the Vietnamese. He was one of the very first to begin soft-pedalling the idea of a victory in that war. It was in the same mood, I gather, that he counseled candidate Nixon to avoid statements on the war except for the vague generality about "having a plan" to end it.

It was Laird, in short, who cooled off the Republican Party's generally hawkish reputation, turned Humphrey into a constant defender of the war, made it possible to refer continually to the Democrats as a war party, and gave Nixon the great edge he needed. He pulled another neat maneuver on the question of candidate endorsements. Laird was one of the early backers of George Romney. Some conservatives took this as meaning that Laird had "sold out" their side of the party. He was not, in fact, interested in selling out any side of the party. To Melvin Laird, the party doesn't have sides—it *is* a side. What backing Romney did, as Laird must well have known it would, was to force the erratic governor into the one place where he could be counted on to demolish himself: center stage. And it forced him there so early that the party didn't even skip a beat in its march toward Laird's real favorite, Richard Nixon, who—although he has a highly personalized interest in power—obviously shares Laird's devotion to wielding that power through a smoothly operating, effective Republican Party machine. The maneuver also left Laird in the position of seeming to be the most objective of men in first backing Romney until he stumbled, and then switching to Nixon.

It is clear that Laird's political strategy for the Republican Party has two main elements: maintaining a unified and smoothly operating organization (by minimizing intra-party combat); and making sure that the party has the most advantageous political program (thus his preoccupation with platforms). It is the latter which is overlooked by those who contend that Laird is a "mere" politician, who therefore has no serious commitments on policy. Laird's policy positions, precisely *because* they are based on this political strategy and on calculations of existing and potential forces, are in fact quite firm. It must be remembered that Laird is primarily a *party* politician, not an individualist. Richard Nixon, for example, having been preoccupied throughout his lifetime primarily with Nixon, presents us with a political pattern keyed more to particular momentary interests than to any long-range analysis yielding enduring principles. Laird, concerned with the broader issue of a political party, has been more consistent and actually more profound. Personalities may succeed by riding the crests of transient waves of public whim. Parties, however, have to build their constituencies a bit more painstakingly. In the case of the Republican Party this has meant a long, slow adjustment to the electoral reality of the welfare state. Mel Laird's role in that change has been to speak at every important party council for easing off on criticism of the welfare state (it's really like knocking Mommy) and preparing, instead, for the day when Republicans can simply "do it in a better and more businesslike manner." He has realized, of course, that the party could not simply be a me-tooer; like a detergent, it needs an attractive package to differentiate itself and sell the product. Laird long ago recognized the ideal political packaging for his purpose, printed in Commie Red, and plastered all over with Cold War eye-catchers.

The Republican Party's major emphasis on the Cold War, much of which has resulted from Laird's own insistence and analysis, is a device of widely diversified utility. It has permitted the Republicans to abandon their old-fashioned individualistic or anti-governmental rhetoric in every pinch by simply saying that individual liberty is a luxury for *after* the Cold War. It has given them useful platforms from which to launch some of their short-range missiles against welfare programs as operated by the Democrats, zapping them for being wasteful at a time when the Cold War must command our every resource ("Don't you know there's a Cold War on?"). And, of course, it has given them their own particular justification for supporting a system of state-corporate partnership (strong corporations are needed to fight communism) as opposed to the Democrats' version of the same thing (strong corporations are needed to rationalize the economy and succor the poor). Also, the Cold War emphasis has been a particularly handy standby for the Republicans when it comes to the racism and the inter-group fears which motivate so much of the ballot box phase of American politics today. In the Cold War, unrest can be a plot, dissenters can simply be enemies, and every frustrated, fearful voter in the land can be given the opportunity to blame everything bad on those forbidding forces which lurk in the clouds of international conspiracy.

Laird is very much aware that the Cold War effort insatiably demands bigger and better weapons which—being enormously costly and difficult to evaluate—are unquestionably the single most important support of corporate prosperity and the smooth rationalization of the corporate economy. And demonstrable proficiency in that regard is an absolute prerequisite to political power in America.

WITH ALL THESE GROUNDS for Cold War fervor there can be no doubt that, whatever he might say about strict controls and cost-cutting procedures, Laird will keep the Defense trough brimful and the corporate entrance gate wide open. More specific-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally, these considerations, together with Laird's particular style of thought and action, may indicate the proper way to view the controversy over the Safeguard ABM.

Despite all the ballyhoo, it seems clear to me that the Administration did not, in fact, make this a life or death issue. It has been a noisy one, but not a deadly one. For one thing it was far too early in the term for any practical politician to risk a make-or-break showdown—and Messrs. Laird and Nixon are nothing if not extraordinarily practical politicians.

As a matter of fact, knowing Laird, I would say that the Administration, at the outset, may well have set up the ABM as a combination lightning rod and strawman. If the system were to lose, it would virtually disarm the peace front which could be expected to feel that it had won its victory over the military. More important, in the sigh of relief that would follow beating the ABM, the most generous appropriations for conventional forces could probably slip by Congress without an eye being batted. An item such as modernization of the surface fleet alone could replace the entire dollar volume of the ABM program for at least a couple of years, while appearing so innocuous, particularly by comparison, that few could or would object. Also, Laird's long-time favorite, the advanced manned bomber, might receive the same sort of relieved, conventional acceptance.

The ABM is just a single morsel out of the whole Big Rock Candy Mountain of Defense appropriations. The list is endless: bombers and interceptors, air-to-ground and ground-to-air, in outer space and beneath the sea. With the ABM down the drain, every one of the programs could be argued for more reasonably than ever. The same sort of considerations could apply with the ABM just squeaking by, which would allow the administration sportingly to hold the program to a minimum or even defer it. A clear-cut victory for the ABM would just be a bonus. Either way the administration could not really lose, and it is the recognition of such an exquisitely loaded balance of events that would be perfectly characteristic of Mel Laird's finely honed political sense.

One great irony of the current controversy is that the liberal "doves" are in the position of complaining that the ABM is not militarily effective. Such weapons are to be applauded and encouraged. Unfortunately, Laird's arsenal is far from limited to such worthless—though tragically costly—military toys. It contains weapons of awesome potency, and Laird will have a critical influence over their employment. His wielding of that power, in view of the background he brought to the job and the events that have occurred since he has been in it, is a profoundly chilling prospect.

When the "flying Pueblo," a U.S. Navy EC-121 spy plane, was shot out of the sky by North Korean fighter planes last April, President Nixon, following his principle of "warning the communists just once," announced that (1) such flights would continue, and (2) in the event that another should be attacked, he would take responsive action (of an ominous but undisclosed nature).

The actions which accompanied the words were perhaps more revealing. On April 22, six days after the EC-121 had been destroyed, a specially-formed Task Force 71 began moving into the Sea of Japan. It was by all odds one of the most impressive armadas assembled since the end of World War II. Included in it were the three attack carriers Enterprise, Ticonderoga and Ranger. The presence of any one of them, much less all three, would have been notable off any hostile coast in the world. Also in the task force was the highly specialized sub-destroying carrier, Hornet. Around the carriers steamed three cruisers—packing, these days, more authority than old-fashioned battleships—and a swarm of 16 destroyers to boot. Most of these ships would have had at least some nuclear capabilities. Just in case common sense did not tell the world that this was a force far more suited to leveling a nation than to protecting a lone spy plane, a Pentagon spokesman freely told the New York Times that "the task force was considerably larger than would be necessary to provide air cover for reconnaissance flights."

WHAT, THEN, DID IT SIGNIFY? Melvin Laird, far more closely than the President, gripped the helm of Task Force 71. And the task force, together with the stern yet unrevealing words with which it had been launched, were strictly in keeping with Laird's most deeply held political convictions and his most firmly enunciated strategic concepts.

First of all, it is worth noting that Laird's response to the few inquiries made about his advocacy of a first strike strategy has been that he had then been talking in another era, an era of confrontation, but that we are now in an era of negotiation. Now I have found that Laird has a very deliberate way of using words, or not using them. Here he has not seen fit to specify with *whom* we are in an era of negotiation rather than confrontation. The disclaimer is plainly designed to apply to the Soviet Union; there is certainly an observable modus vivendi and mutual reluctance for confrontation between the two super-powers. So *there* the aggressive first strike strategy may be outdated. But what about the rest of the communist states? What about Cuba or China? And in particular, what about North Korea? There the era of confrontation is unmistakably upon us. Nor is North Korea a great power with whom accommodation is unavoidable. Laird's recent statements, such as they are, carefully do not forswear the old first strike line in a case such as this. And Laird has never abandoned that framework of policy, outlined in *The House Divided*, as incorrect when our military superiority is clear.

A national policy that would cover Task Force 71 quite suitably was spelled out in that book. Having worked on the book with Laird, and having studied his career ever since, I feel very strongly that Task Force 71 was Phase 1 in a plan which is described there as the "2X" policy: "The strategy of threatening selective reprisal was first explored and used during the tenure in office of Secretary Dulles. For example, in 1955 there was considered a policy called '2X', according to which nuclear punishment would be dealt an aggressor at a rate estimated at twice the aggressor's potential gain. 'The punishment will fit the crime, only double,' as James Reston explained it in his column. Hanson Baldwin called the strategy one of 'measured retaliation.' What it meant was that if the Red Chinese, for instance, assaulted Quemoy or Matsu, one Red Chinese airfield on the mainland would be destroyed. Continuance of the aggression would result in the destruction of another airfield, then another, until the point at which cost to the enemy would outweigh the gain. It is in the light of these experiences that a way may now be found for their larger strategic application in the 1960's."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Task Force 71 reverberated with that kind of thinking. It exhibited at least two times as much force as was needed to protect the spy planes. Even so, its possible relationship to a 2X-type strategy would not have seemed so strongly indicated if not for another item of evidence which came from an academic advisor, working at the highest White House level. This man had been involved in a long and stormy White House session on America's economic shakiness. Deeply disturbed by that situation, he was grasping for ways in which to describe its gravity in an off-the-record meeting, when he angrily said that "on top of all that, just imagine what could happen if we have to fight a two-front war in Asia." He was asked where such a war would begin, and, almost as an aside, he replied, "North Korea, if they keep up these provocations." And how would we retaliate? "The policy is that if they shoot down another plane we will bomb one of their airfields. If they keep it up, we'll bomb another target or two and just keep it up until they stop." This he took for granted as simply the way it was, his interest being only in the effect the war would have on an overtaxed, harried citizenry.

Particularly because of the matter-of-fact way in which such a policy can be discussed by a knowledgeable person not otherwise concerned with military matters, it could well be a policy that has been generally cranked into official discussions. The North Korean incidents exhibit with almost schematic clarity a fundamental danger in Laird and Nixon's preoccupation with political rather than military considerations in their decisions. This kind of incident puts the Administration in a dilemma: if they do not make a military response, they face political trouble, being highly vulnerable to charges of "appeasement" and "selling out the flag"; if they do make a military response, they risk military trouble—escalation, overextension and a new quagmire. The question of war and peace turns on which horn of the dilemma is chosen. That is why men who fear a political setback more than a military disaster are so dangerous. The whole question of getting out of Viet-Nam vs. staying there can also be framed in this context: at a given point, which of the two risks will be taken?

BEYOND THESE CONSIDERATIONS, there is a further, even more disturbing, possibility with regard to North Korea which, in light of the way Laird thinks and acts, must also be examined. This would involve a calculated and deliberate war crisis with that country. Looked at in terms of domestic political impact, such a war situation would have much to recommend it to Laird as a Republican strategy. First of all, it is going to be extremely difficult—I think impossible—for Richard Nixon to "win" any sort of popular peace in Viet-Nam. He is going to be saddled with the long, bloody losses until he breaks down and ends the war, but by ending it he becomes the man who, after all the sacrifice, lets the NLF have what it wanted all along: a role, probably a dominant one, in the South.

How to overcome that sour taste by the next election? A quick, "easy" victory or incident in North Korea might do the trick. Suppose North Korea did shoot down another spy plane, capture another ship, sink one, or just damage one, or even suppose that the United States manufactured such an incident, as it unquestionably (and by now all but admittedly) did in the Tonkin Gulf. Under a 2X-type policy, a serious bombing blow would instantly be dealt to North Korea. North Korea, a relatively highly industrialized nation, with, for instance, one of the world's best hydroelectric systems, could be regarded as vulnerable to such an attack. Also, the unsettled mood of the nation today—peace demonstrators notwithstanding—may well be read by this Administration (with its "hard-core-dissenters-are-a-tiny-minority" philosophy) as spoiling for a redemptive victory to cancel out the painful humiliation in Viet-Nam.

On top of that public mood, the Administration, and no member more so than Laird, is acutely aware that the mood of the military is profoundly, even dangerously glum, so bitterly and broadly has it been attacked in recent days. And with the entire national respect for the military being severely challenged today—and the Defense budget's rationalization of the economy consequently threatened—a quick, harsh, but winning show of strength might seem a small price to pay for reestablishing what Laird has approved of as the old virtues.

The technological thrust of the war, of course, would be immediate aerial bombardment and not a gradual military buildup as in Viet-Nam. The strategic theory might be that North Korea could very quickly be brought to sue for a bombing halt or that, after an incident and a U.S. bombing response, the Koreans would simply not be in a position to move the next step up the escalation ladder and sustain the consequences. So would be unsheathed a shiny new model of the terrible swift sword which has become so badly bent in Viet-Nam. But if there are hazards involved in an adventure such as this, and many lives on both sides are in the balance, that is not in itself any concern of Melvin Laird's. Not that he is reckless; with deep experience he measures out the gain and counts the cost—not in lives, but in votes.

To view a man like Laird as the incarnation of an ideological evil (such as the Cold War) is a mistake. He is the incarnation, instead, of an institutional evil: the inevitable, historically predicted, institutional evil of delegated, nonparticipatory politics. (Had ideology really been important in their politics, Republicans would have shown a sympathetic interest in S.D.S.'s Port Huron statement and subsequent manifestations of that rhetorically most Republican idea of returning power to the people, as opposed to that rhetorically most Democrat idea of exercising it benignly on their behalf.)

Both liberals and conservatives are always telling us that their political opponents are Satanic. Some very few probably are. But most are simply politicians. The stark, staring ideologues, the social fascists, the wild-eyed Cold War theologians, corporate liberals or centralist reformers might indeed be willing to destroy the world without a blink just to scratch some ideological itch, and we look upon that as insane. But the politicians are not crazy. They are just politicians. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird is no slavering Neanderthal fanatic of the right. Melvin Laird, I am convinced from at least seven years of fairly close association, has a good heart and harbors no Satanic thoughts. He would never dream of destroying the world, we may rest assured, unless he were totally convinced that it made good sound political sense.

Karl Hess is a former editor of Newsweek. He was the principal author of the 1960 Republican platform, a co-author of the 1964 platform and Goldwater's chief speech writer. He is now a contributor to RAMPARTS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE KING
The Midas Touch

Know your Cabinet...th

WILLIAM P. ROGERS, *Secretary of State*

MAURICE STANS, *Secretary of Comm*

JOHN N. MITCHELL, *Attorney General*

GEORGE SH

MELVIN LAIRD, *Secretary of Defense*

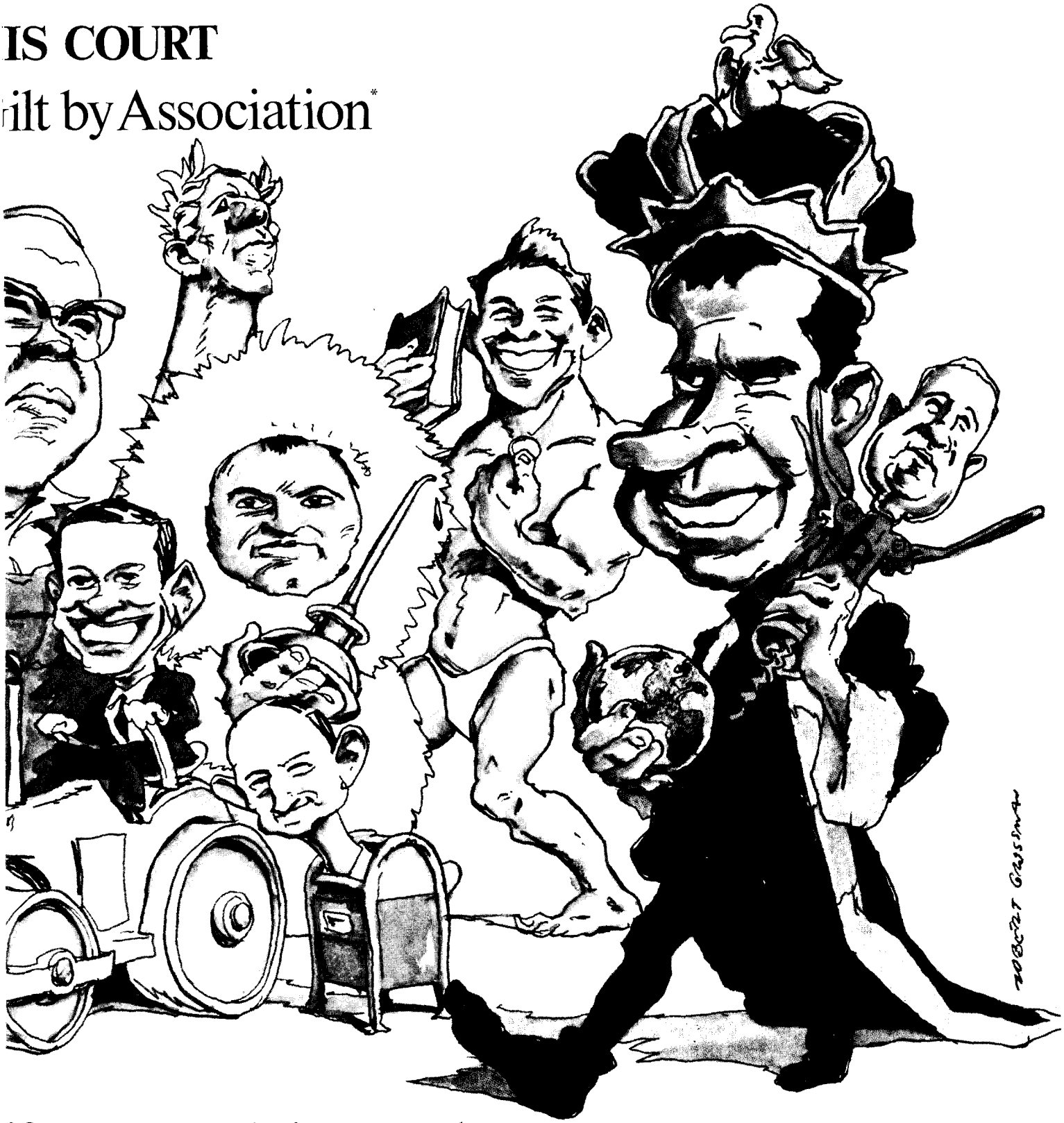
GEORGE ROMNEY, *Secretary of Housing*

DAVID M. KENNEDY, *Secretary of the Treasury*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS COURT

ilt by Association*



if you are really interested.

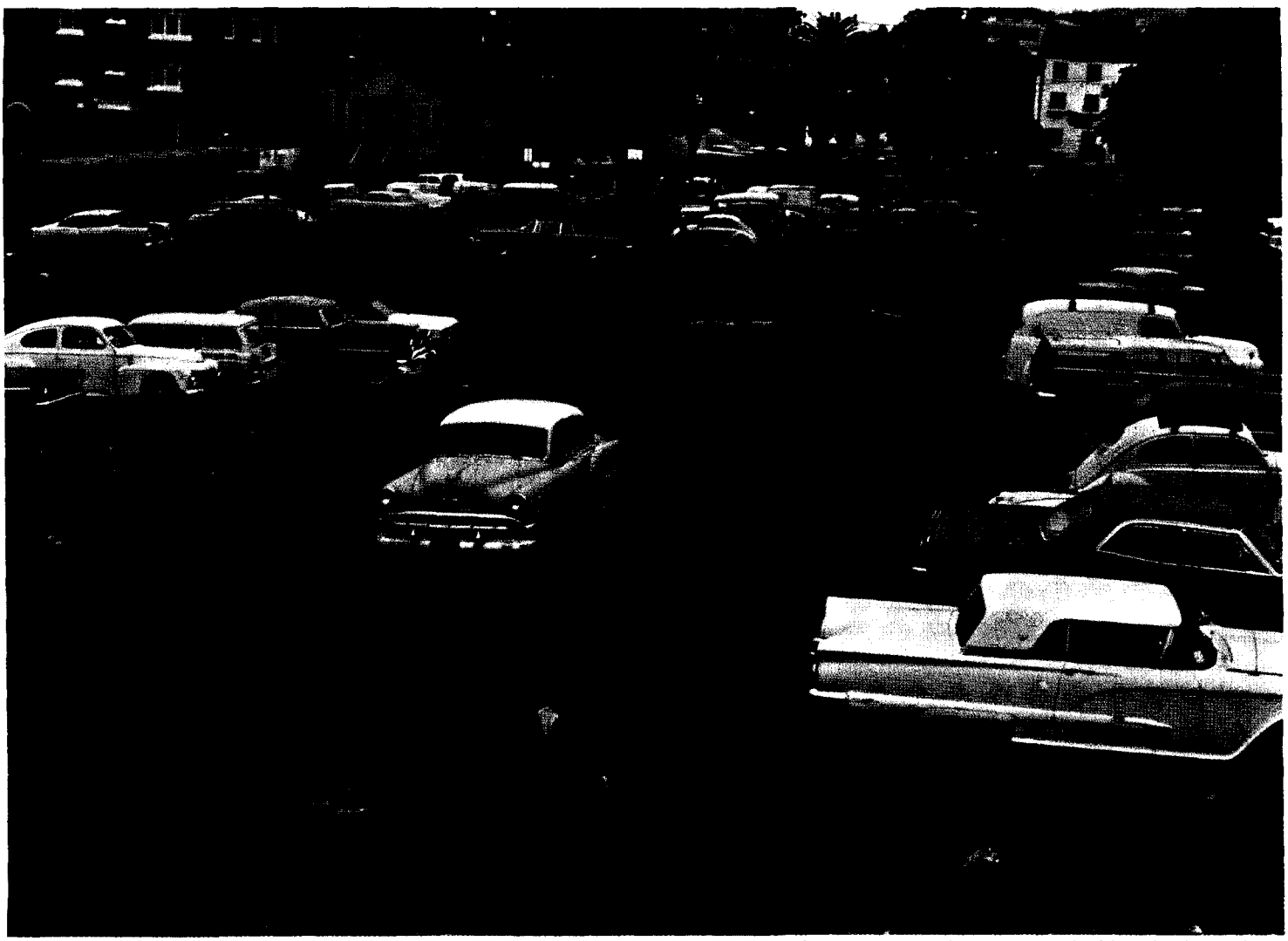
**The Nixon Court includes eight millionaires, and no blacks or Jews.*

CLIFFORD M. HARDIN, *Secretary of Agriculture* ROBERT FINCH, *Secretary of Health, Education & Welfare*
ary of Labor WALTER HICKEL, *Secretary of the Interior*
I VOLPE, *Secretary of Transportation*
WINTON (RED) BLOUNT, *Postmaster General*

KING RICHARD
SPIRAL CORKSCREW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The People's Park:



The site for the park was a rutted, muddy parking lot, as it had been for nearly a year since the University had bought the land and leveled the housing.

On Sunday, April 20, the first group of volunteers—students, children, "street people" and neighbors—began tilling the land, rolling out the sod and building a fire pit. (During a discussion on the naming of the park, the title Eldridge Cleaver Memorial Park was suggested but quickly dropped when someone reminded the group that Eldridge was alive and was, in fact, going to return.)
OPPOSITE: *Rest for a couple in the park as the work goes on in the background.*

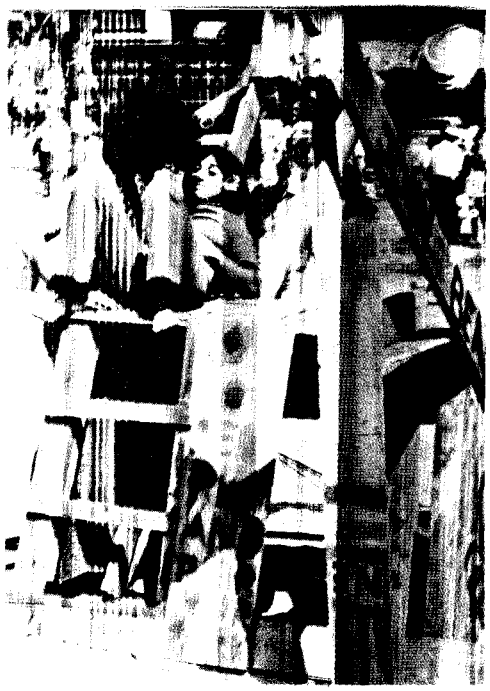
Compiled and Edited by Dugald Stermer

Photographs by Elihu Blotnick

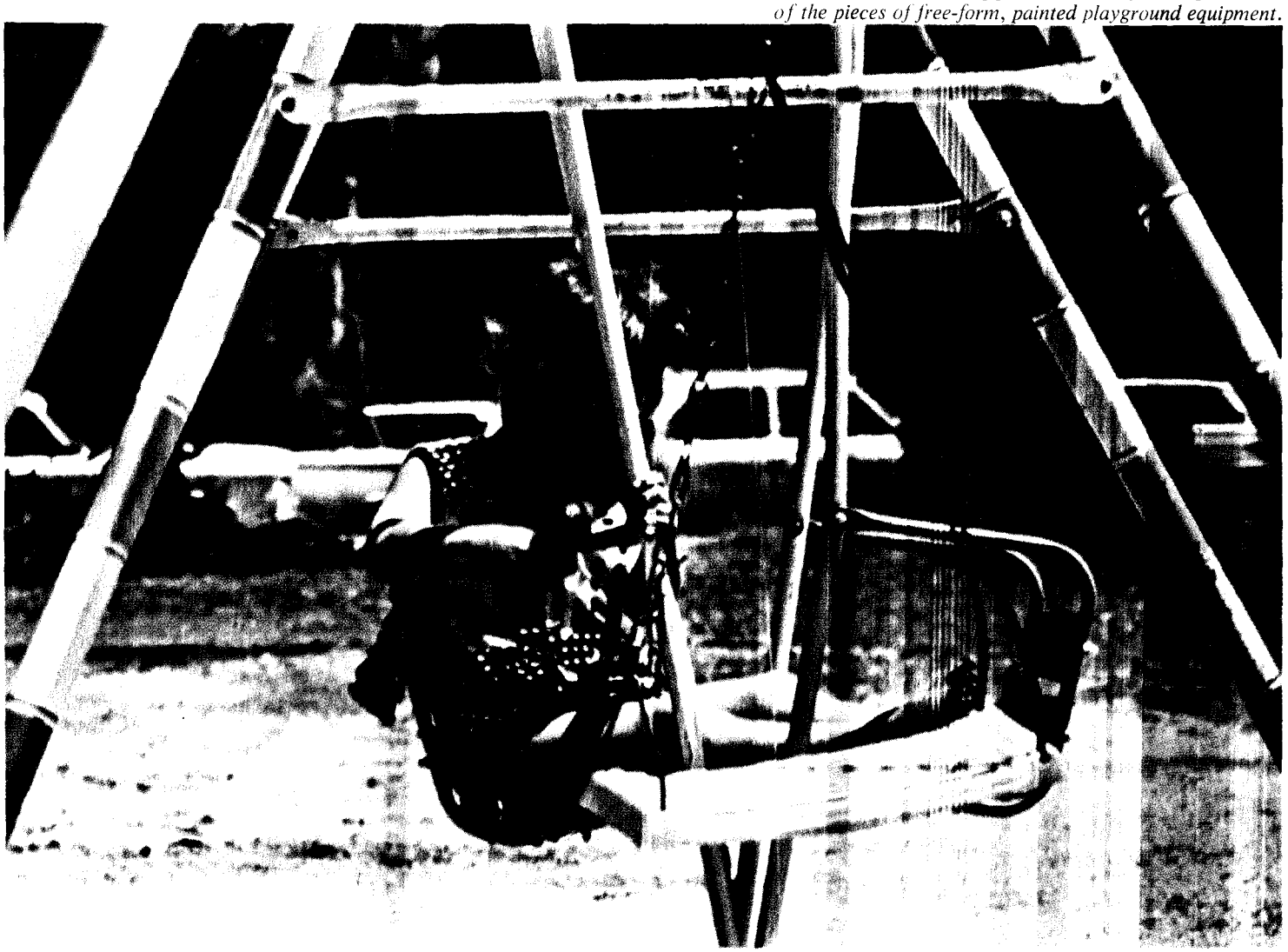
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A History in Pictures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some of the workers were pressed into service as cooks—making stews and salads—for the growing park community. At right is one of the pieces of free-form, painted playground equipment.

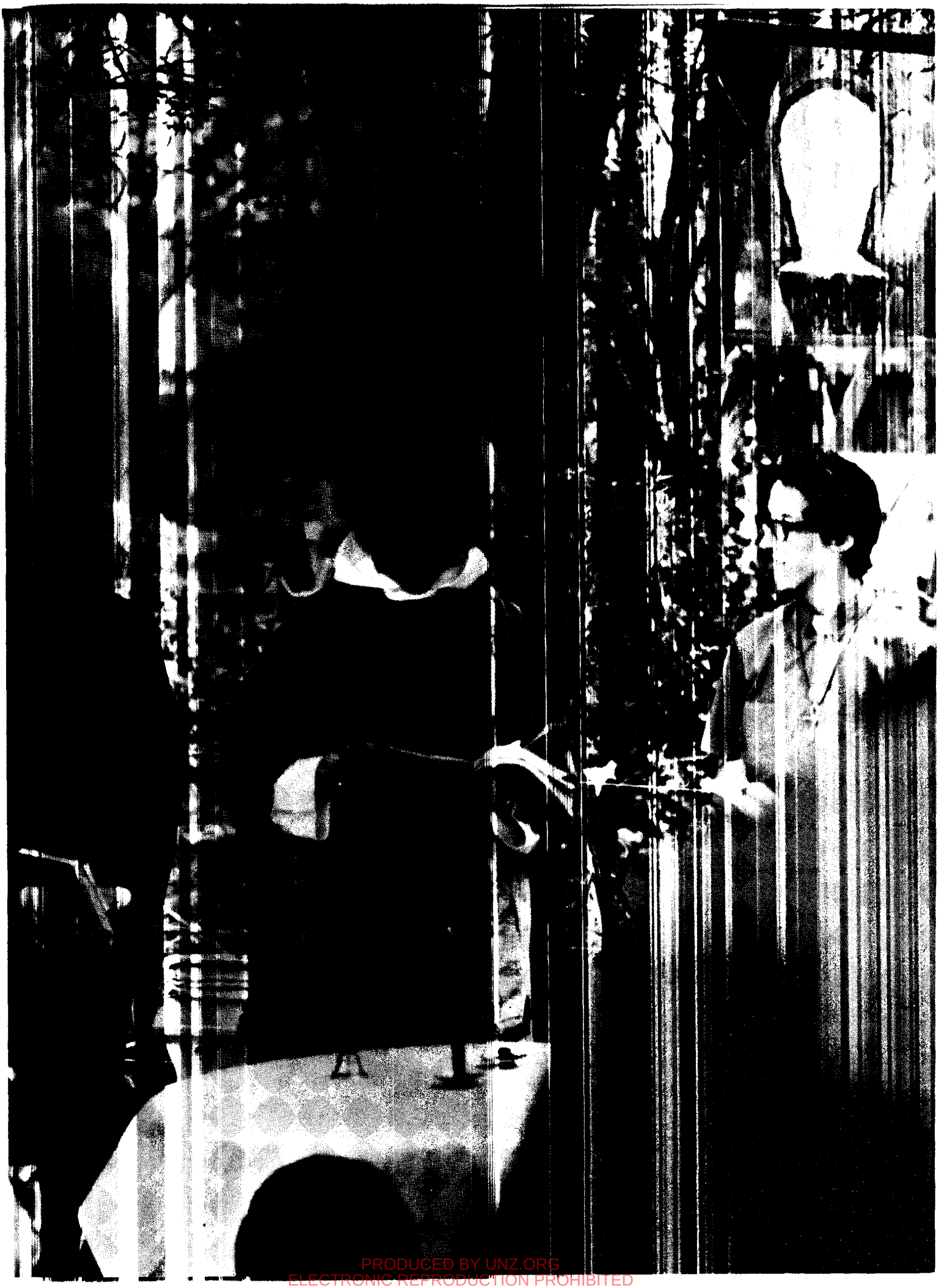


The park nearing completion, a child plays on one of the many swings that had been donated by the neighborhood. OPPOSITE: *On Sunday, May 11, the People's Park was blessed by Rev. Richard York of the Free Church, among other more conventional clergymen.*

Photographs on top and to the right by Elihu Blotnick

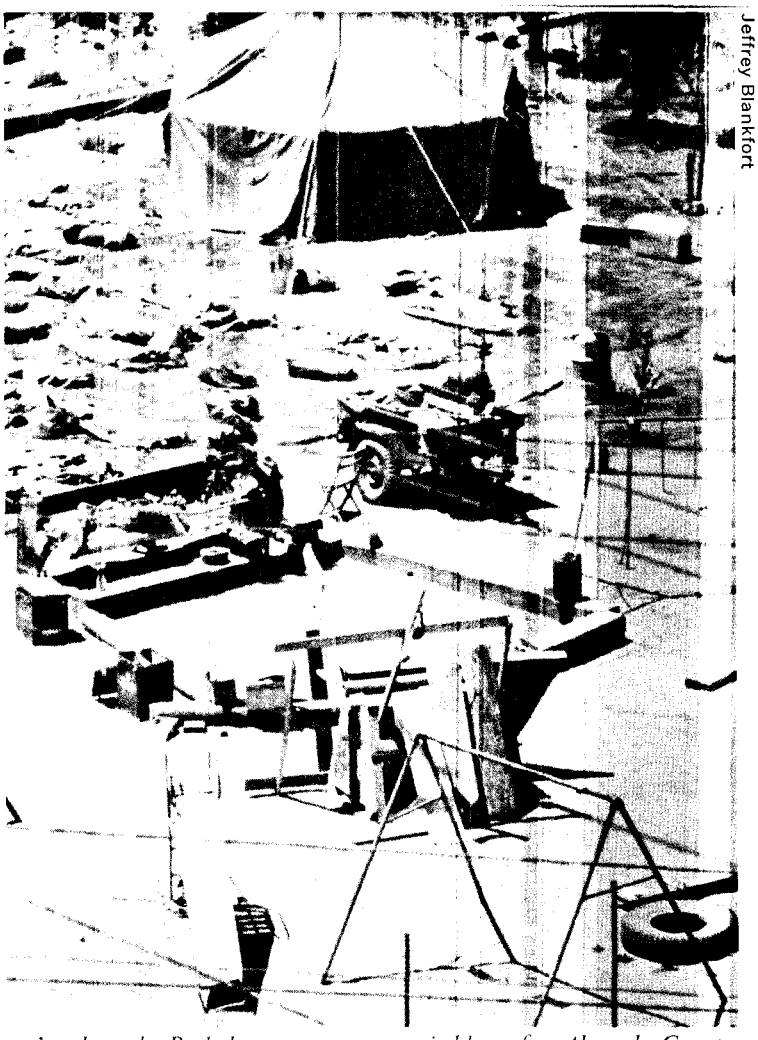
Photograph directly above by Blanche Horowitz

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blotnick

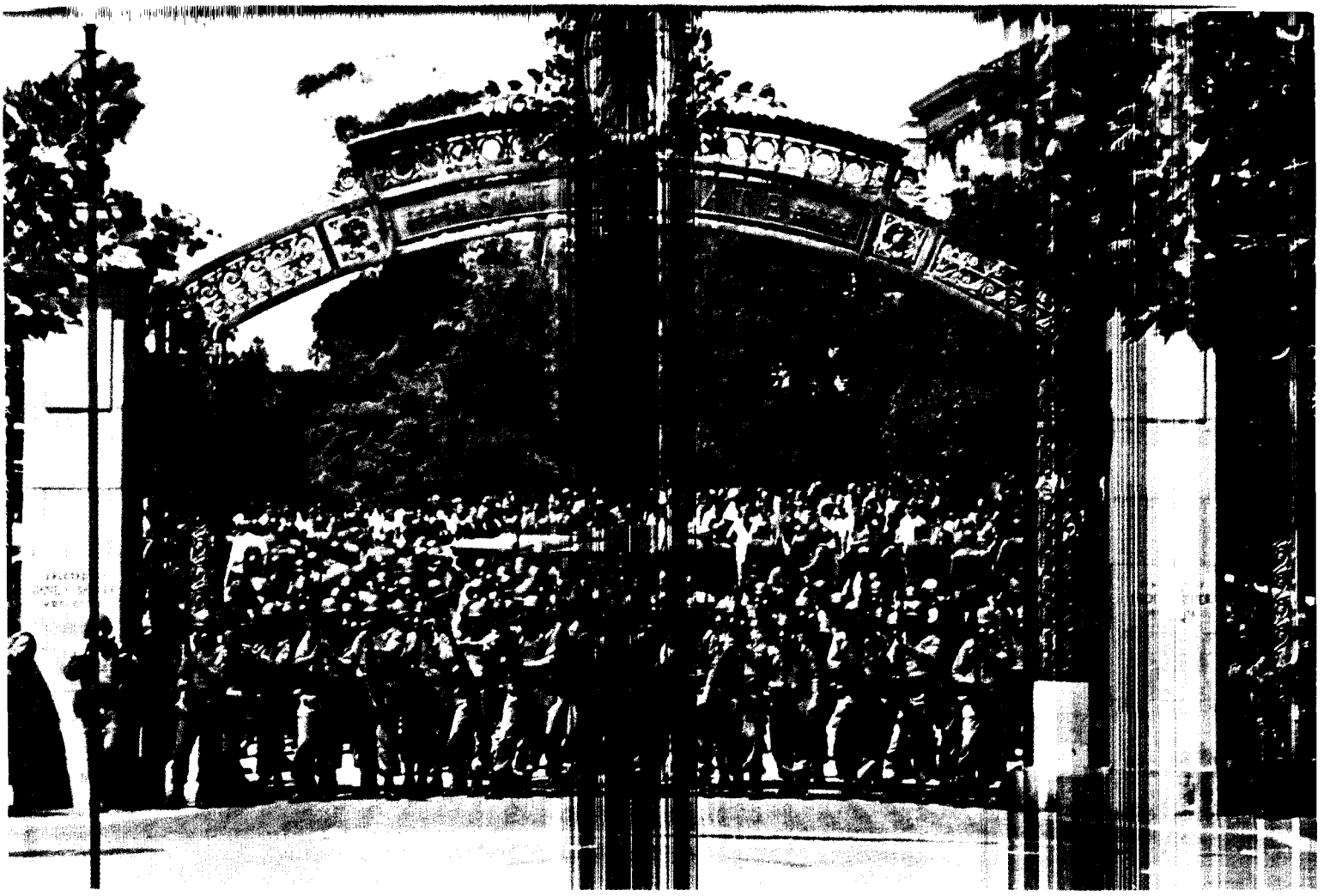


Jeffrey Blankfort

At five a.m. on Thursday, May 15, acting on Chancellor Heyns' orders, the Berkeley cops, accompanied by a few Alameda County sheriff's deputies, swept the area clear of the all-night vigilers, arresting three who refused to leave their park. A group of construction workers, equipped with gas masks (upper left), *then proceeded to put up an eight-foot fence completely surrounding the park. The picture at the right shows how the People's Park was transformed by the National Guard into an armed camp by the next day.*

Blotnick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit to the Board of Regents: ". . . clearly the nature of our response was very important because this was being structured in a way to have the big clumsy university respond in some stupid way to the gentle act of creating a place of beauty." "Clumsy" was hardly the word. Between 2700 and 3000 National Guardsmen virtually occupied the city (upper right), *Alameda County Sheriffs seemed to be firing at anything that moved* (lower left), *and a helicopter indiscriminately gassed thousands of citizens over approximately a mile-square area, including many grade school children and hospital patients* (lower right). Blotnick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Sunday, May 26, on land owned by the Bay Area Rapid Transit Authority, People's Park Annex was spontaneously created.

Photograph by Elihu Blotnick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle of Berkeley

Photograph by David Goldstein

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIALECTICS OF CONFRONTATION:

Who ripped off the Park

[INTRODUCTION]

"THE PIGS ARE RIPPING OFF the People's Park." With this frantic message, thousands of Berkeley students, street people, radicals, Free Church Christians, conservationists, student government leaders, and even pom-pon girls and fraternity men were alerted to the fact that the plot of ground they had come to accept as their own was in danger. One of those sounding the alarm was "Big Bill" Miller. He had been sleeping guard in the park along with about a hundred others, when the combined forces of the Berkeley police, the California Highway Patrol, and the Alameda County Sheriff's Department invaded the area and sealed off traffic for an eight-block square, while a fence was quickly thrown up. Miller rushed down to the Red Square dress shop (about 20 feet from the southwest tip of the park) to warn Mike Delacour, the man who had come up with the idea of a People's Park and supervised its early development. Delacour tried calling Reverend York of the Free Church; he was going to hold a sunrise service in the park at 5 a.m. Others activated the "telephone tree," an early warning system of chain phone calls set up in anticipation of a move by the authorities. Within the hour, the streets in the area began to come alive with people bitter and frustrated over this swift display of establishment power.

Nine hours later, more than 100 demonstrators had been injured, 13 of them requiring hospitalization due to shotgun wounds. One was dying from 1/3-inch buckshot which had ripped open his belly, and another was blind from being blasted in the face with birdshot. Tear gas hung heavy over much of the city, and people milled about in bewilderment over the incredible and unprecedented overkill used to punish those who had attempted to plant a park on one square block of land owned by the University of California.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAD PASSED by People's Park that morning, apparently needing to bear personal witness to the process of destruction. They had watched as iron fence poles were set three feet deep in concrete and bulldozers ripped up the shrubbery which they had so carefully planted. They watched the heavy equipment rolling over the newly-planted sod and the police cynically cavorting on the slides and swings in the park, which was now off-limits to ordinary citizens. But there were no incidents of confrontation during the morning hours of the day which became known as "Bloody Thursday."

The crowd at the traditional Berkeley campus noon rally in Sproul plaza, the largest of the year, had gathered to do something about the fence. At one point in the rally, student body president-elect Dan Siegel, a second-year law student, said, ". . . Let's go down there and take the park." Without waiting for any qualifications he might make, the crowd, to the amazement of the political activists still waiting to speak, roared its approval and spontaneously began to move down Telegraph Avenue toward the park three blocks away. It could have been another line from another speaker that launched them, or it could have been no line at all. It didn't matter. They were getting ready to go anyway; they could not just accept the fence.

At first everything seemed to be following a familiar Berkeley pattern—a chanting crowd moving down Telegraph, once again breaking the front window of the Bank of America building. They encountered the police lines that had been thrown up across Haste and Dwight streets to block access to the park, and in a matter of minutes tear gas canisters and rocks had crossed paths and someone had opened a water hydrant to spray cops standing across the street. Then the police charged, clubs swinging, and a Berkeley police car shot down the Avenue, zigzagging from one side of the street to the other, shooting tear gas out the windows. RAMPARTS reporter Art Goldberg recalls, "A number of us walked down Ellsworth and turned up Durant to get back to the campus. A girl ran towards us, yelling hysterically, 'They're shooting people. Three people have been shot.' We told her to cool it, that tear gas canisters were the only things getting shot off."

Reports of other shootings began to circulate, and for the next few hours there was horrified disbelief. When hospital reports began to confirm serious shotgun injuries to demonstrators and bystanders alike, the police released accounts implying that the shootings had occurred in the heat of the battle and as the result of frantic self-defense rather than a deliberate police riot. But as a result of careful research by trained investigators, RAMPARTS is now able to document (in the insert beginning on page 54) the identity and movements of a "death squad" of Alameda County Deputy Sheriffs, which, as it moved in a circular path through the area of protest, used its shotguns to cause almost all the serious injuries as well as the one death. At no point that day or in the next week of demonstrations was there a single reported instance of an officer being fired upon, nor did a single officer sustain a serious injury. In fact, only 18 policemen required any hospital treatment—all for superficial cuts, mostly from flying glass—and none had an injury serious enough to require hospitalization. Commenting on the scores of civilians who were brought in for treatment, Dr. Henry Brean, Chief Radiologist at Berkeley's Herrick Hospital, said: "The indiscriminate use of shotguns is sheer insanity." He listed a partial toll of the casualties: One death, three punctured lungs, two eyes blinded and a third damaged, a shatter-fracture of the lower leg and a rupture complicated by a massive internal infection.

Alan Blanchard, father of a three-month-old child, was by all

by Robert Scheer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reliable accounts an observer on a roof when he was blinded by birdshot; James Rector, who later died from being shot with size "00" buckshot (used to kill deer, each charge containing 9 or 12 of the 1/3-inch pellets), was also looking on. The surgeon who treated Rector at Herrick later gave this account to the San Francisco Examiner: "This young boy had picked up three slugs—the sort of thing you'd expect from a machine gun. But it wasn't. It was buckshot from 30 feet. His belly was just ripped apart." One victim arrived at the hospital with 125 pellets of birdshot in his body. Two newsmen, Don Wegars of the San Francisco Chronicle and Daryl Lembke of the Los Angeles Times, were also hit by shotgun blasts.

Berkeley's nightmare wasn't big national news at first. As one New York editor said, no one outside the Bay Area could believe that a civil war had broken out over grass being planted in a homemade park. Only when Governor Reagan stationed 2000 National Guardsmen in the area the next day was the national press alerted to some of the bizarre developments that would follow—the tear gas air strike against demonstrators on the campus by a National Guard helicopter, or the fact that over 1000 people were to be arrested in Berkeley that week, including 200 booked on felony charges.

The blowup at Berkeley ultimately got coverage, but there has still been little recognition that what happened is more than a particularly bad riot in a college town. Few have seen the battle over People's Park for what it really is: a preview of the confrontations of the '70s.

The crisis in Berkeley was not simply the result of right-wing excess or backlash; rather, it represented a fundamental conflict between a generation which was the product of ten years of Berkeley revolts and was now coming into its own, and the "enlightened" authorities of the University of California, who had spent the past 20 years attempting to prevent such a generation from developing, and had ended up provoking it instead.

The park confrontation was a battle in a war between the mainstream of society, as represented by the University of California's administration, and the counter-community of revolt which thrives in the South Campus-Telegraph Avenue area, with the People's Park site at its heart. The Berkeley crisis was never over whether the University would be able to stop one "people's park," but rather over whether it would succeed in what had been a long-term strategy of eliminating the culture of protest by denying it its turf.

[II.]

THE U.C. REGENTS DECIDED to take over the heart of Berkeley's South Campus area as early as 1952, when they originally produced the current Long Range Development Plan for the University. Their thinking at the time appeared more bureaucratic than political. It was simply easier and cheaper to move into the South Campus area, "blighted" as it was by a jumble of bookstores, coffee shops and older houses used by students and others who were not at that time likely to mobilize significant opposition.

But the bureaucratic motive was based on assumptions about the purpose of the University and the role of its students. South Campus expansion was based on the presumed need to sanitize and control the University environment. The University community which the Development Plan envisioned was one of a total environment in which every need—classrooms, housing, office space, recreation and parking—was programmed for ten years into the future. Students would literally be forced to dwell within an ivory tower of concrete and glass dormitories which—along with other official buildings, churches and a few spanking new store fronts properly up to code—would be the only structures permitted in the central South Campus area. All others would be pushed out by the University Regents exercising their power of eminent domain. This would, as the Development Plan (1956 revision) noted, provide "a well-rounded life for students. . . ." If the Multiversity was to be a knowledge factory, South Campus Berkeley would be a company town.

At the time of its conception, it looked as if there could be no possible opposition to the Development Plan. Those were the "silent '50s" and "Cal" was as caught up in McCarthyite hysteria as the rest of the country. But disaffection simmered, and it began to move into the open in 1957, when Telegraph Avenue came to rival San Francisco's North Beach as the vital center of the Beat Generation, with Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso denouncing the sterile social order and calling for liberation from their forum at Robbie's Chinese-American restaurant on Telegraph. Slowly this mood began to slip into the campus itself, and in 1958 a group of about 100 students organized a political party which would be a *bête noire* for California citizens over the next few years. This party, called SLATE, organized a left-liberal coalition and uncovered a broad base of student concerns. Before being banned from campus, it managed to win two student senate seats and eventually the student body presidency on a campus thought safely de-politicized.

THERE IS, AS ON MOST QUESTIONS of theory, little agreement among New Leftists as to where and when the Movement began; but certainly one can make a strong case for the Berkeley of ten years ago. In 1959, there were large protests against the execution of Caryl Chessman. In 1960, several thousand students, mostly from Berkeley, stormed a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee being held in the San Francisco City Hall. Soon there were massive protests over U.S. policy toward Cuba, sit-ins at San Francisco hotels to protest discriminatory hiring practices and demonstrations at the 1964 Republican Convention at San Francisco's Cow Palace. Local reactionaries like Oakland Tribune publisher William Knowland had already learned to hate and mistrust students, and in the fall of 1964, when the administration tried to accommodate them by putting the lid on, the FSM erupted, setting a model for the next few years of campus protest.

The non-student community—including both cultural and political dropouts—grew rapidly. Each successive student generation seemed more hell-bent than the last on breaking new ideological or tactical ground. After the FSM it was the Vietnam Day Committee (VDC), which departed from the liberals of the Peace Movement by insisting that imperialism, not foreign policy blunders, was the cause of the war. But the VDC was forced to fight the university issue as well: criticized for using the campus as a "staging ground" for its actions, the VDC replied that the University was itself a staging ground for weapons research and defense contracts; that it had in fact perfected a technique for giving priority to non-students like Dow Chemical and the Defense Department.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a wild ten years for Berkeley; attention was focused on the campus and the town became a laboratory for radical tactics. For the authorities of California—be they sophisticated college administrators like Clark Kerr, baffled liberals like Pat Brown, or fast-rising reactionaries like Reagan—Berkeley, or at least the part of it south of the University, came to be seen as a watering hole gone bad. The young herd was not fattening properly. Perfectly decent young men and women attending what was supposedly the star attraction of the whole state university network were turning out to be politically and socially deformed, causing trouble for parents and politicians alike. And it all seemed to have something to do with a place called Telegraph Avenue where "they" practiced fornication, smoked marijuana, wrote leaflets, mobilized protests and read sinister revolutionary tracts. Locally, the theme was hammered home by the Berkeley Gazette, the city's conservative daily paper, which warned its readers that Telegraph Avenue was becoming a cesspool of sex, drugs, crime and revolution.

Meanwhile, the South Campus portion of the Long Range Development Plan had bogged down from lack of funds. A new impetus was needed, and in the early '60s, the City of Berkeley began an attack on Berkeley's left-bank community under the guise of "urban renewal." The first step was to carry out a study which concluded that the neighborhood was "blighted," and that: "The area is environmentally deficient . . . because of an obsolete and inefficient subdivision pattern." All college towns have their cheaper, off-campus student housing areas, and Berkeley's is far better than most; but the city chose the South Campus as its first renewal project simply because the University made it extremely convenient to do so. University expenditures in a renewal can be credited to the city in lieu of its share, so the program would be free.

When the public hearings required by federal law were held in the spring of 1966, opposition to renewal was so widespread that the Berkeley Gazette had to report ruefully: "The majority of the people in the area, merchants, landlords, residents, and student-tenants, do not now, and have not in the past, liked the plan." The city was depriving itself of an important tax base in aiding University expansion. But a more frequent criticism was that of sociologists Carl Werthman and Jerry Mandel who argued before the City Council, "It's really an attack on the people who live on that street. You should leave Telegraph Avenue absolutely alone."

Those who supported renewal did so because, as the editor of the Berkeley Gazette put it: "They are aghast at the intrusions of the nationwide Beatnik element into their part of town, and the resulting image of Telegraph Avenue as 'America's Left Bank.' In a word, most of them would agree with the adjective 'blighted' to describe the South Campus region."

Some of the main arguments for South Campus renewal were supplied by the Berkeley Police Department. In January of 1966, just before the renewal hearings were held, the Department initiated intensive patrols of Telegraph Avenue, harassing its inhabitants and building a record of arrests to create a statistical crime wave in the area. One could witness a dozen people at a time being ticketed for jaywalking, a favorite charge; otherwise the cops seemed to be devoting most of their time to finding drug offenders. At the height of the renewal controversy Police Chief William Beall issued a sensational report on crime in the area based on the work of the intensive patrol units. Later he wrote in a letter to Captain Houchins of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department that the "patrol is proving its value. The crowds along Telegraph Avenue have lessened in numbers and the composition of the groups tends to be more of the clean-cut college age youngsters." And in a speech on the urban renewal plan, he stated: "We are more than ever convinced that the neighborhood must be completely renewed if it is ever to become a crime-free area in which Berkeley can again take real pride."

If the project had been pushed through quickly, it would have overwhelmed the opposition. But there were snags: the normal federal red tape; the University's lack of funds; and a freeze on the federal funds while the courts tested the constitutionality of California's Proposition 14, the anti-Fair Housing amendment. These delays allowed the opposition to dig in, inform itself and fight back before it was all a *fait accompli*. With an unusual alliance—Telegraph Avenue merchants, afraid their rents would soar; students who enjoyed the lovely, congested streets, the old brown-shingle houses and the other "blights"; older people living in lifetime homes; and all those other people who simply hated the plasticity of the modern multiple-unit cracker boxes—the South Campus urban renewal plan was defeated.

UNDETERRED BY THE FLOUNDERING of the Long Range Development Plan and the death of the city-sponsored urban renewal, Chancellor Roger Heyns and his assistant, Vice Chancellor Earl "Bud" Cheit, moved to proceed anyway with the core of the scheme. The immediate proposal gave priority to acquisition of lot 1875-2, the present site of People's Park. The reason: a "desperate need" for an intramural sports area—in fact, a soccer field.

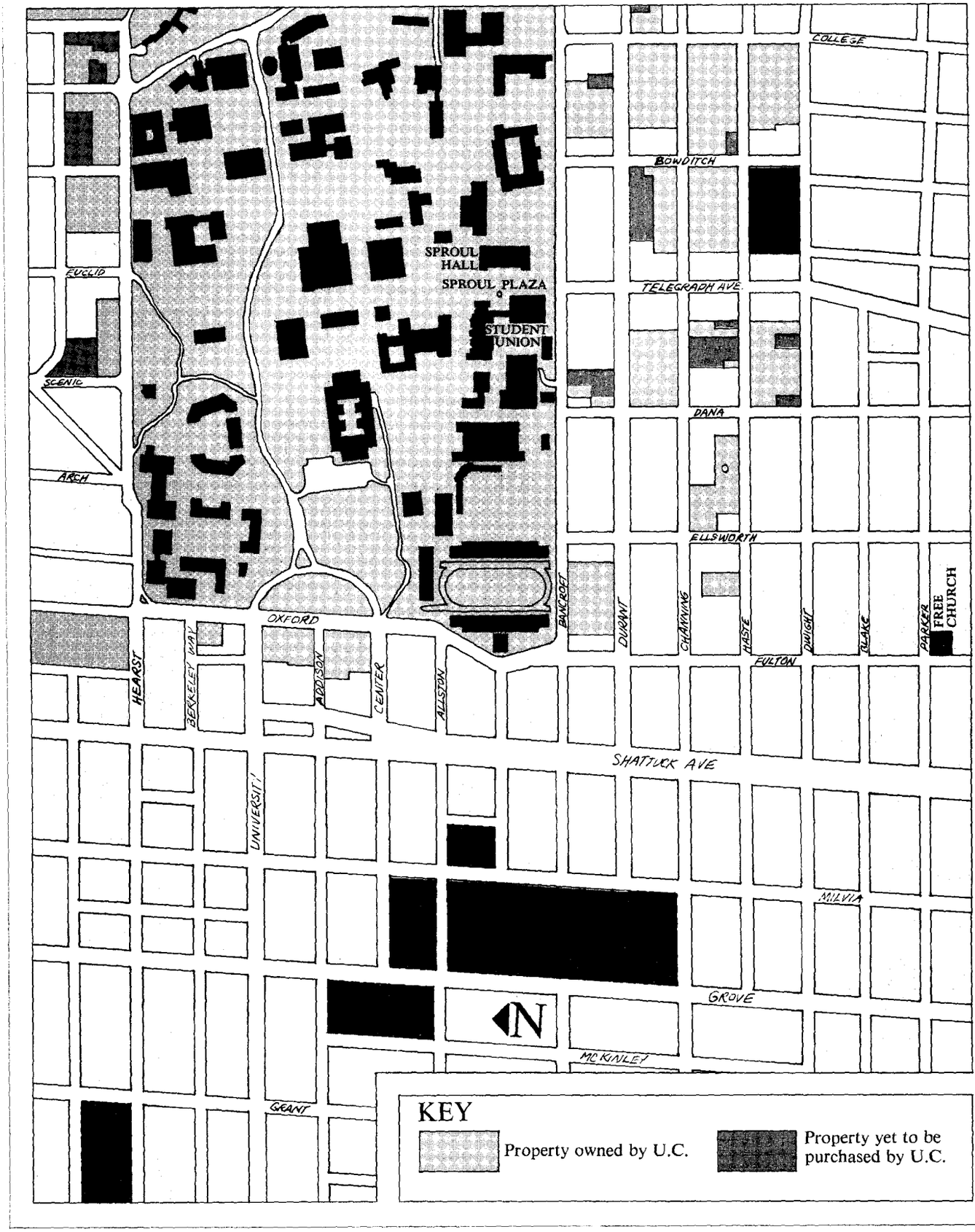
This was quite a comedown. The Development Plan had called for dormitories on the lot. But by 1966, a decade after the plan was announced, that would hardly have gone over. The Regents had made it very clear that there would be no funds for additional dormitories for at least ten years, because vacancy rates were already so high that rental income from existing dorms barely covered costs. Chancellor Heyns' proposal for a soccer field was accepted by the University's Building and Development Committee on June 1, 1967. Stephen P. Diliberto, a professor of mathematics and chairman of the committee, was asked by a RAMPARTS reporter if the proposal was part of an effort to eliminate the South Campus subculture. He replied, "I presume it's true. You are killing two birds with one stone. But we are aiming at only one of them; the other is free. We are seeking more facilities and if you engage in urban renewal, that's an added benefit."

Later that month the proposal was presented to the Regents. Regent Fred Dutton, known nationally as the manager of Bobby Kennedy's presidential campaign as well as Assistant Secretary of State in John Kennedy's Administration, was present at that meeting. He is a man given by training to cautious statements, but he was quite emphatic in recalling to a RAMPARTS reporter that Heyns and Cheit had based their case for acquiring the South Campus property on the grounds that it was ". . . an act against the hippie culture."

Dutton also stated that Heyns had brought the Berkeley city manager and police chief to testify "about the rising crime rate in the area and generally describing South Campus as the center of off-campus corruption," adding: "It was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extraordinary for them to have brought along the police chief and city manager to the meeting of the Regents. There seemed to be a great rush to get the Regents to approve the acquisition, which again was contrary to the normal procedure in which the Regents would move very slowly on this sort of question and spend many months considering all the implications." Dutton's account of the Regents' meeting accords with one offered by Professor Sim Van der Ryn, chairman of the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Housing and Environment. When interviewed by RAMPARTS, Van der Ryn stated: "I have it on pretty good authority that this was the pitch . . . Cheit's position before the Regents was: 'Let's clean up that area and get rid of the people living there who are a threat to the stability of the University.' "

As for the "desperate need" for another playing field, Professor Van der Ryn points out that the University wasn't even fully utilizing the space it already had: "Their existing fields have low utilization because they can't be used at night; there are no lights and some of them are flooded. . . . The recreation argument is a patently invented set of needs."

The speed with which the Regents acted on lot 1875-2 indicates their acceptance of the sense of crisis manufactured by Heyns and Cheit. The resolution they passed makes this quite clear: "The Regents have approved the use of $1.3 million in U.C. funds to purchase three acres south of the Berkeley campus. The area has been the scene of hippie concentration and rising crime." U.C. bought up the land, lot by lot, by exercising eminent domain, although it did not have the money even to build the playing field on it. The Chancellor, still without funds for development, nonetheless ordered the houses demolished in June, 1968. For the next year, until the park was begun, the land remained vacant, an eyesore with remnants of concrete foundations, huge mud holes, garbage and broken glass. But the "blight" had been removed.

In the year before the May confrontation, there were four separate proposals for a community park on the land. The Chancellor's office ignored each one precisely because community use would have violated the very reason for the acquisition: to destroy rather than serve that community.

Professor Van der Ryn first got involved with lot 1875-2 after the University had bought the land and houses, but before they were torn down. "I argued that if [Cheit] couldn't be dissuaded from demolishing people's homes, why didn't he at least make some of the land available to people on the street to make a place of their own, and to take some of the pressure off a crowded and tense Telegraph Avenue. (This was before the '68 Telegraph riots.) Cheit just smiled cynically.

"They couldn't get money from the Regents for dormitories," says Van der Ryn, "because Berkeley had the lowest priority of all nine campuses for new housing. So the Chancellor's office finally got onto this recreational thing to justify their demolition (what else could they use to justify open space?)—and preferably the least intensive recreation possible, like soccer; who the hell plays soccer on Telegraph Avenue on $1.3 million worth of land?"

Regent Dutton, in his statement after the crisis, made the same point: ". . . I believe the planting of the park by the students was a constructive act—because they did it with their own hands and at their own cost and their own initiative; and that should be encouraged because the park, in this particular older neighborhood several blocks from the campus, was a useful and enjoyable human development; the property already belonged to the University, was not being used, and there was no plan for its early use—at least not until after the park had been built."

The decision concerning the People's Park was more a result of Heyns and Cheit's theories of counterinsurgency against student radicals than an objective need for playing fields. And the impetus for it came from the enlightened liberals of the University, not the reactionaries like Ronald Reagan. It is worth noting that Reagan, while he certainly played a key role in the military escalation in Berkeley, did not make the original decision about lot 1875-2. He did not assume office until January, 1967, and at the time of the vote on the land a substantial majority of the Regents were still appointees of Reagan's predecessor, liberal governor Pat Brown. Reagan did not win over these liberal Regents. Rather, it was Heyns and Cheit who had won over the hawks among the Regents. Instead of all-out war against the natives of Telegraph Avenue, matters would be handled more subtly—through social engineering. Vice Chancellor Cheit, the man generally credited with the concept, would get his chance to build a "strategic hamlet" of clean-cut soccer players—a positive deterrent to subversion—in the very heart of the enemy camp. And it marks the continuing arrogance of this particular type of establishment liberal that after all that had happened in Berkeley over the past ten years, he still thought he could pull it off unnoticed by those it affected. But instead of being a strategic hamlet for the University, the lot was soon to become a Rest and Recreation camp for the South Campus activists.

[III.]

THOSE WHO WERE TO BUILD the park did not fit Vice Chancellor Cheit's simplistic image of the hard-core South Campus revolutionary. In fact, the rhetorical gambit which would have the hard-line, disciplined political groups cleverly creating an issue through which they could manipulate others, is quite the opposite of what actually happened. Not one of the traditional political groups on campus—the Young Socialist Alliance, the Independent Socialist Club, the Progressive Labor Party—supported the park while it was being built. Only after the explosion of police violence on Bloody Thursday did they belatedly and ineffectually add their voices to the communal rage. Even local SDS (PLP-controlled) opposed the park at first.

Most of the initial inspiration for the park came from people who had become political through previous experiences with the system. But they represent that nonsectarian breed that has managed to get through Berkeley's ideological warfare with a sense of humor and spontaneity in tactics. They are the free spirits, the anarchists of temperament who are not only incapable of conspiring or even really planning as a group, but who also have a profound contempt for manipulation and a distrust of those who practice it.

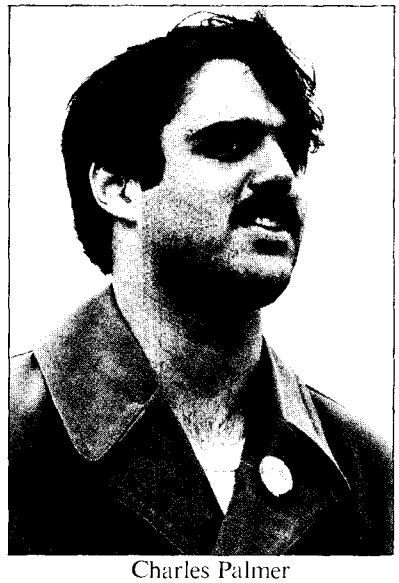
Are they "street people?" Not according to "Super Joel," age 20, who claims to have been arrested 64 times since coming to Berkeley five years ago to participate in the FSM. On the street since the age of 15, out of school and totally immersed in the hip and psychedelic world, Joel estimates that "there is a total of about 17 street people, and they all hang out in front of Pepe's [a pizza parlor on Telegraph]." But Ronald Reagan has managed to seize upon the phrase "the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Governor Reagan

Mike Delacour

Chancellor Roger Heyns



Charles Palmer

Wendy Schlessinger

Sheriff Frank I. Madigan

Frank Bardacke

Photographs by Jeffrey Blankfort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street people" to freeze up the popular mind so that any further analysis of what really happened becomes impossible.

What is amazing is that a theory of a conspiracy by faceless party-liners could ever have been concocted out of the collection of vivid individuals who built the park. Besides the denizens of the Avenue like Super Joel, there was Frank Bardacke, an A-student throughout his undergraduate career, which began at Harvard where his activities included playing football and being thrown out for hooliganism. He later went on to three years of graduate work in political science at Berkeley before he was thrown out for helping to organize the 1967 Stop the Draft Week. There was Paul Glusman, the product of a left-liberal Los Angeles accountant's family, best known for his sense of the absurd (he founded the Concerned Stalinists for Peace on the campus); Big Bill Miller, who manages the Steppenwolf Bar and was a yippie-type candidate for Mayor of Berkeley; and John Algeo, the 19-year-old who organized people every week to go out to Vallejo to get grass sod. He is only a year younger than Wendy Schlessinger, who graduated from college at 19 and taught in the Long Island school system for six months before coming west with the intention of going to graduate school.

With its passion to pick out and print dossiers on the "leaders" of radical movements, the press generally singled out Bardacke and Glusman as the prime movers of People's Park, since they had been accused of "conspiracy" in previous affairs by the Alameda County Grand Jury. They were very important once the fence went up, but they are quick to admit that, as Glusman puts it, "Mike Delacour stood head and shoulders above everyone else in initiating the park. He had the balls to act as if it actually could be pulled off. He said, 'Let's build a park on Sunday,' and nobody believed him. But on Saturday he had a truck full of grass sod parked in front of the Med [the Mediterraneum Caffe] and was scouring around Berkeley for the shovels."

DESPITE ALL THE ROMANTICISM about the working class prevalent among Berkeley politicos, the thirty-one-year-old Delacour may be the only genuine worker on the scene, although he hardly fits the stereotype with his shoulder-length black hair and colorful dress. As a kid, Mike was always in trouble with the local police and was put on probation for wrecking a car in which the police found a hundred cans of beer. He then "straightened out" by becoming a father and getting married. He got a job and finished high school at night. Then, turning 18, he hooked on with General Dynamics in San Diego as a mechanics helper. He spent the next eight years and three days working on the Atlas and Centura missiles, rising to the rank of Research and Mechanical Technician, installing missile complexes at Vandenberg Air Force Base and in Topeka, Kansas. "I was pulling down $13,000 a year, but the life was an unbelievable drag."

Life with his wife and three kids centered around the tract town of Santee, California, just east of San Diego. Delacour recalls, "The desire to own land drives you crazy with all that advertising. We raised 700 bucks and bought a $14,000 tract home. It was the American dream, living together but not knowing your neighbors. I only got to know a neighbor when our wives had a fight going over some dumb thing. It was worse than a ghetto—there was no community."

On the fourth day of his ninth year with General Dynamics, Delacour split. He went to Europe for a year and bummed around on a Eurailpass. He heard about Berkeley and came there from Europe. The burning issue when he arrived was Viet-Nam. Radical protest emanated from a two-story frame house, headquarters of the VDC on Fulton Street, about three blocks from the site of the People's Park. Mike wandered by the house one day, saw a pretty girl in the window—and went in. He did a lot of what is often called "the shit work," carrying around microphones and worrying about mailing lists. He then moved into the less political "street scene," opening the Red Square dress shop off Telegraph Avenue, and hanging around the Mediterraneum. He worked hard on the Peace and Freedom Party's registration drive. But Delacour was disillusioned by the in-fighting which followed. "We suddenly had gained some sort of power," he said, "but then we started dividing the spoils—forming organizations and bureaucracies—and everyone became ego-involved in endless hassles."

With his yearning for community and his political and street experience, Delacour was the logical person to initiate the marriage which the park issue represented between the hippies and the radicals, for he personally embodied the two strains in almost equal proportion. The idea for the park grew out of Delacour's plan to hold a rock concert on the vacant lot in back of the Mediterraneum. "I contacted this band called the Joy of Cooking to see if they'd play and they said 'Yeah.' So we went up and looked at the lot. The property was a mess—lots of broken glass, mud holes and abandoned cars. It was too ugly, so we called off the concert. We needed a park there, but it's hard to get people together. Finally I called a meeting at Red Square that next Tuesday."

The meeting took place on April 13th and included a carpenter named Curtis, Wendy Schlessinger, Stew Albert (a writer for the Berkeley Barb who has moved over the years from Progressive Labor Party to the Yippies), Paul Glusman and John Algeo. This group soon attracted Jon Read (a professional landscape architect who had been involved in the VDC), Bardacke, Super Joel, Big Bill Miller, Art Goldberg (the former FSM leader, not the RAMPARTS editor) and Mike Lyon, a medical student.

The group collected money from some of the more hippie merchants on the Avenue. It was Wendy who contacted them, and she recalls that they were quite enthusiastic. That Saturday, Delacour rented a truck and bought $300 worth of sod and plants.

The people who came to work were the type that resists "leaders" and much credit is given to Delacour for having developed a style of leadership that stressed example, rather than exhortation. He simply worked the hardest at different jobs. If the leadership had been more heavy-handed it would undoubtedly have failed. As it was, it served to pull people together and work became a joyous thing.

By nightfall a park had been created on the northeast corner of the lot and people were gathered around a new fireplace listening to the music of Joy of Cooking. Release came that night with a new style of dancing which was later a source of establishment criticism. As Wendy Schlessinger described it: "People whirled around barefoot, folk dancing together in a circle at a million miles an hour, going back to the jungle tribe. None of the psychedelic crap."

The first day had gone smoothly, but then both the planters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the authorities began to consider the more radical implications. Delacour remembers, "The next day I was in the Mediterraneum and Bardacke came along with this big stack of books he'd just gotten from the University library. The books told all about how the land on which Berkeley was built had originally been ripped off from the Costanoan Indians. He brought out the whole user thing which the Indians had, how the land belongs to those who use it. And in this case we were the ones who were using it. He brought out the implications."

Bardacke's leaflet-manifesto, "Who Owns the Park?" was printed against a background picture of Geronimo and became the classic defense of building the park. After tracing the history of the land as it was taken from the Indians through the immense land grab of the Mexican-Indian War and the final seizure by the University's eminent domain, it concludes: "We will take care of it and guard it, in the spirit of the Costanoan Indians. When the University comes with its land title we will tell them: 'Your land title is covered with blood. We won't touch it. Your people ripped off the land from the Indians a long time ago. If you want it back now, you will have to fight for it again.' " Reagan later denounced the park as a "phony issue," an insidious and radical scheme to bring about confrontation. But as Frank Bardacke points out, "Radicals have a thousand schemes, but the park took off because it appealed to something very important in a lot of people. It was real to thousands of people—not just to radicals."

It was the incredible response of the community—from faculty wives, graduate students, teachers, carpenters, long-haired postmen and street people—which gave the park its significance. If the idea for the park had failed to elicit broad support from the community, it would have been brushed aside by the police at their convenience, but the almost instant support made it quite another thing.

The park was allowed to develop for almost a month—from the first People's Park Sunday, April 20th, until Bloody Thursday, May 15th. In that short time it bloomed and flourished. On weekends as many as 3000 people a day would come to plant flowers, shrubs and trees. A vegetable garden was created. Swings, slides and other play equipment—some homemade—were installed.

The park people worked out their own "procedures," although they may not have been bureaucratically proper. On one occasion, for instance, a group of people in the park decided to dig a swimming pool and set to work. Another group objected and for a time they worked right along , filling back in the dirt that was being dug out. Finally a discussion was held on the spot, ranging from affirmations of freedom of the will to sober considerations of filtration and drainage. Those assembled worked out a compromise position: a wading pool would be built.

The park managed to involve a tremendous diversity of straight, hippie and political elements, many of whom had previously lived together in the neighborhood on indifferent or even wary and hostile terms. Said Wendy Schlessinger, "When I saw a girl in a bikini and haircurlers lying there on the grass, sunning herself, I knew the park had made it." It caused many people to suddenly shift roles. Writer Sol Stern at first followed events with the idea of doing a book but was eventually drawn in to the point of being asked to join the negotiating committee and was later arrested for failure to disperse during one of the actions.

THE PARK BUILDERS were fully conscious of the prime importance of student support and worked carefully at including "straight" students in their community. In Delacour's words: "Instead of it being the radicals who are in control of the student movement, it's now everyone, pom-pon girls, fraternity guys, dormies, Charlie Palmer [student-body president], Oski Dolls. Art Goldberg [of the FSM] argued against my having bought $300 worth of wine for one of the parties, but I did it for the non-pot smokers, who we wanted to include." One kilo was also purchased for the occasion to balance things out, the press reported.

The University desperately tried to lure the good kids away from the radical pied pipers who were leading them astray, but after the fence went up, a group of 84 student leaders signed a letter to the Daily Californian which called for "the spontaneous and continued development of that park area. . . . Control of the park should lie . . . primarily with those students and members of the community by whom the park was initially developed and creatively designed and whom the land is supposedly to benefit." It was signed by the students the U.C. administration has usually called on for support against the radicals: the editor of the yearbook, the president of the Interfraternity Council, the president of the senior class, the chairman of Big Game Week, and the heads of the Pom-Pon Girls and the Oski Dolls. It so unnerved Heyns that he summoned the group to his office shortly after the newspaper appeared. Despite a 45-minute lecture, the group held firm. A few days later, the largest turnout in the history of University elections voted overwhelmingly for the park. Of the more than 15,000 who cast ballots, over 85 per cent voted in favor of the park as it had been before the fence. Jim Hawley (who organized the massive statewide student support for the park which drew 10,000 to a rally near the state capitol in Sacramento) observed that "most of these kids were the straight-looking ones who are supposed to be in the silent majority."

This pro-park sympathy among even the more serious and sedate members of the academic community suggests the difficulty which the administration has recently had in mustering support among any significant segment of the student body. In 1964, for instance, during the height of the Free Speech Movement, the student body president could be counted on by the Chancellor to front as an example of the "legitimate" student. But the pliable Charles Powell, class of '65 (he later wrote an article showing how the FSM students had forced him to "find Christ"), had given way to Charles Palmer, class of '69, an outspoken advocate of the park; and president-elect Dan Siegel is facing prosecution for "inciting" the park "riot."

Palmer is something of a liberal, pushed rather unwillingly into radicalism by the obstacles he has met in his diligent attempts at reform. "My attitudes haven't changed very much over time. They upped the ante, so we had to also." He was president for a hellish year—in the fall, the Cleaver course crisis, in the winter quarter, the Third World strike, and lately, the People's Park issue. In each case, he involved himself as an advocate trying to work with the students to achieve the goals of the struggle, and never acquiescing to the many tempting offers if he would "cooperate" with the administration. "Students are not stupid," he says. "They no longer can be fooled."

Continued on page 52

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[A Night at Santa Rita]

"We have a bunch of young deputies back from Viet-Nam who tend to treat prisoners like Viet Cong."—ALAMEDA SHERIFF MADIGAN

THE NATIONAL GUARD HAD SIMPLY closed off a large area of downtown Berkeley, arresting shoppers and protesters alike. I had a valid press pass, given to me that day by the Berkeley police, but with my long hair and all, Sergeant #1 would not let me leave the ring. Angry, I sat down with those caught, chatting for hours, surrounded by bayonets. A cop pulled me out and said I was arrested. I showed him my press card. Terribly impressed, he used it to get my name and address and sent me on to fingerprinting and the sheriff's bus. Like the others, I expected to be bailed out after a few hours booking at Santa Rita (the county prison farm), and then be home for a late dinner. Like the others, I was to be in a state of literal terror for the next 16 hours.

The one-inch slit in the window of the Alameda County sheriff's bus didn't let us see much of Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center, only a lot of wire and low white barracks—somebody jokingly referred to it as a cross between a concentration camp and a chicken farm. The bus stopped at the gates and two guards with shotguns jumped on. "All right, you creeps, move your asses out of here. The last guy out gets his head cracked open." People who live in college towns spend their lives seeing old gangster movies, and it was difficult at first to realize that that corn and violence had suddenly become the real world. We stumbled out of the bus and through a gauntlet of club-swinging deputy sheriffs. The guy in front faltered and they hit him on the head—it does sound like a "crack." He said something like "take it easy," and they moved in on him. The rest of us made it through the gate and were greeted by the sight of 200 arrestees lying prone on a concrete yard—heads turned sideways, hands straight back at their sides, legs pulled close together. Two hundred bodies perfectly tense and quiet, but the guards walking between the rows of bodies gave proof of life as they whacked and poked the men with their clubs. These guards were the same deputies who had done all the shooting in Berkeley the week before—the "blue meanies" (in America it's always comic book death: macabre, unreal and later funny). It was getting dark and cold; the countryside was moorish and vacant; we could hear no cars moving on Highway 50 below; and the place was flooded with guards—enough to turn any organized resistance into a bloodbath.

The concrete was gravelly and it dug into your cheek. The wind blew some of the smaller bits into your eyes, which had to be open to catch sight of the guard about to whack your limbs for having moved or shivered in the bitter cold. After 30 minutes you could turn your head to rest on the other cheek. We lay there from 6 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. The fellow who was beaten as we came off the bus was forced to take a different position—resting on his knees, arms hanging at his sides while three guards systematically beat him for several minutes—one guard for the stomach, one for the back, and one who specialized on the head. (When he got out later a doctor reported that he pissed blood and that his body was a mass of bruises.) The rest of us just lay there—no one said anything, no one protested. Perhaps some tried to, but the minute their hands moved they became the center of other guards' attention. "If you don't like it, do something and we'll bust you on a felony for assaulting an officer—you'll never get out." That's the threat that finally keeps you in line.

While my body had suddenly become very important because it was vulnerable to pain, my mind floated elsewhere, giddy and irrelevant. All this time I thought of James Reston and Max Lerner and the other good, rational men. I began to compose an open letter to Reston. "Dear Scotty," it went, "This letter concerns your column holding the New Left responsible for the increase of violence in American society. You condemned the New Left for its distrust of the legal system. Remember? It's the column that had the cute line about the New Left kids being neo-Nazi crybabies who won't pay their dues. Well, before I get into those arguments, Scotty, why don't you try paying some dues? 'Lie down on this concrete floor, motherfucker, hands back, legs together,' as the guards here say. 'Come on, creep faggot, get your ass down there, cheek to the stone, keep your hands out—what are you doing, masturbating? Move your head and I crack it open . . . at Santa Rita we shoot to kill.' Sorry, Scotty, have to run now. There's this guard talking to me."

THE GUARD IS, LIKE MOST ALL the other guards, a stocky, nasty redneck (except that he's enamel white—not enough sun in Northern California). Like most of the younger ones, he was let out of the Marines six months early to enter this profession. He seems to have only two comments to make about life. One is, "We shoot to kill in Santa Rita," and the other is, "Creep, I split heads." He has been commenting on life for two hours, and now his club is two inches from my nose. Do I want to go wee-wee? It's a good thing, a favor, a release. My head won't be cracked, nor will I be shot—on the contrary, five of us are getting to go to the bathroom. One cannot simply walk in and piss in the latrine, for there seems to be an elaborate and well-established ritual which the fat, middle-aged latrine guard is bent on following. It requires that one first sit in line, three feet from the latrine, and observe a good two minutes of silent reflection. Then the fat guard has us all jump to and line up on three sides of the small box to piss on signal and, unavoidably, on each other.

At 8:34 p.m. we are given a minute's exercise running in place. Soon we are allowed to sit, hands clasped, no talking—nirvana. At 10 p.m. they run us, shivering, into a barracks—eight to a double bunk—and it is rumored that a doctor has blocked the guards' fervent and often expressed wish that we freeze to death out in the compound.

During all this, they are calling out names for booking. Booking is blessed, because until one is booked he cannot be bailed. I am not booked until early the next morning. We are kept in the barracks from 10 p.m. to 4:30 a.m. Three lawyers arrive and there are wild cheers from inmates. The guards snarl but hold their clubs. Kids are afraid to talk too freely to the lawyers with the guards watching.

One lawyer talks too much to an inmate and is himself made an inmate (charged with interfering . . . etc.). The other

[by Robert Scheer]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lawyers leave and the guards snap back to viciousness, making up for the 20 minutes they've lost. The guards don't want to see any closed eyes—no sleeping. If eyes close, you get a rap on your bunk or self. "Yes, sir," you say. If not, then outside to be beaten and lie face down in the cold. The ACLU green card had said, "You have the right to call counsel." Later another kid asks whether we will get to call a lawyer. "You say something, creep? Come here, creep." He too is hauled out and hit. Fuck the ACLU green card. Survive. You forget your rights and concentrate on the main problem, keeping your eyes open—10 p.m. to 4:30 a.m.—and pray for booking. Most are already called and we get desperate as our numbers decline. Finally our turn comes—five names called—up against the fence—nasty redheaded pig makes us trot, whacking the last guy.

The booking hut is all efficiency—lots of deputy sheriffs, five typewriters going, fingerprinting and searching. You start by sitting on the floor, once again hands clasped in front, eyes riveted ahead "or we'll rip them out and paste them up there." Scrape along on ass, still sitting, from stop to stop—first stop is for searching again. "Stand up, hands against wall, feet back. No, creep. Like this." One's head is then thumped hard against the wall, legs kicked back, pig hand searching entire body. The mind is by now too tired for outrage. Back down on the floor, we scrape along on our bottoms to the next station, then up again, heels together at attention, answering questions for the deputy who is typing: "Marital state?" "Married, sir." "Legally?" "Yes, sir." "Bullshit, don't lie to me or you're dead. Children?" "One, sir." "Legitimate?" "Yes, sir." "Yeah. Ever work?" "Yes, sir." "You got a job, hippie?" "Yes, sir. Editor, sir." "Where?" "Ramparts magazine, sir."

All activity in the booking hut stops suddenly as the assembled deputies are duly informed that the editor of Ramparts magazine is indeed in their company. They all seem reasonably impressed and one jabs me quite hard in the back with his club. A deputy hustles me over to the sanctuary of his ink pad. It is important that my fingerprints "get to Washington quickly," he tells another pig. Then it's back on the floor, eyes straight ahead, to be given a bologna sandwich and a small container of milk—the first food or drink we've had in 15 hours. Because I am the editor of Ramparts I get to "clean every fuckin' piece of paper off the floor of the hut" before eating my bologna sandwich.

WITH BOOKING FINISHED, WE'RE OFF to compound C and sleep, only to be awakened 45 minutes later. It's breakfast time: line up at bunks, eyes ahead, "move your asses, creeps, run to the mess hall or heads get split." It's Wheat Chex and watery milk and keep elbows off the table for any elbows on the table get cracked. "Hey, you fuckin' hippie queer, don't you understand English, get up against the wall." Whack—the poor bastard didn't get to eat his Wheat Chex.

We then stand up and one of the medical volunteers from the Free Church, dressed in a white smock with a huge red cross on his chest, is thought by one of the guards to have smiled, ever so slightly. "Did you smile?" "No, sir." "Aren't you happy here?" The kid has by now had it—17 hours is too much. He refuses to answer and is thrown against the wall and beaten. The rest of us are by now on our knees, eyes ahead, crawling to the door. "Crawl motherfucker, crawl creep. Keep that ugly fuckin' head of yours absolutely straight or it's split open." After breakfast we get to crawl through the mess hall door and then double-time back to compound C.

It's already daylight and AM radio is piped through the intercom, with the morning DJ bullshit and news particularly obscene in our situation: ". . . an orderly, peaceful arrest of 480 went off without a hitch with those arrested now in Santa Rita. The bail has been set at $800 and the police are to be congratulated on their efficiency and the lack of unpleasant incidents in the arrest. Chancellor Heyns was pleased that violence had been avoided. . . ." The medical kid is back in our compound. Soon the guards find another excuse to haul him outside and resume the beating.

There is one very scared kid in our compound who actually was shopping in one of the downtown stores when the roundup began and didn't even know about the demonstration. He is the only one who cracks, silently hysterical and shaking whenever a guard comes near. I now tell him bail should come any minute. It doesn't for three more hours, Never allowed our phone call, we've worked out a system of getting word out by compiling a list of names and phone numbers on the outside. Whoever's bailed out should take the list, but the first guy is too scared of the guards' threats and eager to get out. He forgets the list, but the next kid insists on being able to take it and gets off with it.

I hear my name and am in a group of ten trotting through fences, with a Central European guard (I swear)—metal frame glasses and accent—barking at us that if he had his way he wouldn't let us go. When we come back after conviction we'll really get it. Then stop, hold attention for five minutes, then run. We see normal prisoners for the first time and they are bewildered by the charade. As we trot around, the guards shout, "Who do you love?" No answer. "Say the blue meanies!" No answer. "Halt. Let's get it straight creeps. If you want to get out, you'll answer. We can keep you here all week." Trot again. "Who do you love?" A couple reply, "The blue meanies." Most of us finally manage to draw the line and chant, "Fuck the blue meanies." The guards are pissed but realize that it's too close to the end to push it.

SUDDENLY I'M IN A CAR BACK TO BERKELEY and for about three hours I frantically try to raise bail money for others and tell people what has happened. Then the entire experience fades out. To begin with, nobody really believes you. Even hard-bitten Berkeley radicals still hold some illusions about American life, about legal limits and public opinion. I began to consider the possibility that this was all some paranoid fantasy. The terror had worked back there because we were cut off and they had total power to define reality. Once we were outside the guards no longer existed; they were nowhere to be seen in that Chinese restaurant or coffee shop where I was boring people with yesterday's war story.

Perhaps I wouldn't have written up the "incident," but it turned out that Tim Findlay, a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, had also been arrested and his eyewitness report, printed in that paper the next day, made it somehow all right to remember.

It had been real—it was in the papers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palmer's successor, Dan Siegel, is a second-year law student who has been active for several years in draft opposition and counseling and in assisting the Delano grape pickers' strike. Although more radical than Palmer, Siegel is no more closely associated with radical campus groups.

The Palmers and Siegels are representative of the shifts in student orientation that make the University see the Berkeley street culture as such a threat and the park issue as so important. To the University, the non-student "street-people" represent a dangerous alternative to which the students gravitate, drawn out of their carefully constructed academic orbit.

But despite the University's attempts to make the non-student into an alien, threatening element, the sense of division has really disappeared. That is why the park was able to involve the broad range of student support that it had. The University feared the park not because it was monopolized by hard-core radical street people, but precisely because it brought together all kinds of people—related and united them. And the University was appalled by the non-students not because, as it is fond of charging, "all they want to do is to destroy." Such nihilism is hardly magnetic. The fear is that they will create, will establish a life-style that is more satisfying than the work-a-day straight life. The fear is that their life-style will succeed. That also was the threat of the park. It was there. It was real. Utopian aspirations can be wistfully dismissed, but the park was not pie-in-the-sky.

It was the very factors which made the park work for the people who used it (its lack of bureaucracy, non-alienated labor, and freedom to challenge the social and political taboos of the society free of harassment) that were the most threatening to the authorities. Power over the park—this, above all else, the Chancellor would not grant. Heyns later claimed to have been open to the "possible uses of the area by the community," but that the problem of legal liability and the intransigence of the park people was insurmountable. An ample number of witnesses to those conferences have indicated, however, that the park people would accept any structure convenient to the University for handling its liability—as long as the community retained control. Heyns in effect admitted this when he said, "I established the broad conditions that would have to prevail . . . the area would have to remain under the control of the University . . . and it must not be used as a public meeting area. . . . They refused to accept the basic premise that the design and use of the area was finally the responsibility of the University, no matter how flexible the design or liberal the use."

The issue to the park people was control over a portion of their environment, and Heyns offered them instead an extension course in Spontaneous Park Play 1. When they rejected that, Heyns concluded: "I had no feasible alternative except to fence the area."

LIKE OTHER UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATORS, Roger Heyns is fond of observing that student activists are not willing to be held accountable for their actions. He reminds them that freedom entails responsibility. Men of power have a great deal more freedom of action than do students and should have commensurately more responsibility. Yet from the moment that Heyns decided to erect the fence (and there has never been any doubt that it was his decision, since there were no orders from the Regents or the Governor, and several other options existed), he proceeded to act as if he had no relation to the disaster he brought on.

The Chancellor was aware that the erection of the fence would provoke a strong reaction from the South Campus community. "Did we take into account that there was a risk of confrontation?" he later wrote in an official report. "Of course we did. We had been told there would be one." Because of that expectation he requested the massive police presence in Berkeley that morning. As Berkeley City Manager Hanley later stated in his official chronicle of events, "The University had made arrangements through the Sheriff of Alameda County for the law enforcement help it believed would be necessary to protect the construction crews." Then, after setting up the machinery of confrontation, Heyns left town.

On the day the fence went up and 110 people were shot, the Chancellor was 2442 miles away in Washington, D.C. attending a meeting of the National Science Foundation. He was to tell a reporter that he went to the meeting because of his "long-standing interest in science," but he did not say just why he had picked that particular day to put up the fence. Vice Chancellor Cheit, the only other person with any authority over the park issue, had himself taken off to a meeting of the Regents in Los Angeles. In the absence of Heyns and Cheit, Vice Chancellor Johnson was left in charge of the University, and he was to tell a student who called during the day of crisis that "I did not know that the fence would be going up last night. I was told not to expect any problems." The only person in a position of authority at the University who was on top of events was the head of the Campus Police Force, Captain Beall. A cop had been left to represent the University—the same cop who, as former chief of the Berkeley city police, had made his reputation by defining the South Campus community as the enemy camp. Heyns had started a war, and as is the custom, he would claim that he was helpless in the hands of his generals. He later disowned responsibility for the violence, telling the academic Senate, "As you know, I have no authority over law enforcement. . . ."

But the general whom Heyns left in command was not Captain Beall, nor the smooth Berkeley Police Chief Baker, both of whom understand that at least some of the people connected with the University are legitimate citizens. It was rather Sheriff Frank Madigan who was to be the supreme commander of all military forces in Berkeley, including the National Guard. The Chancellor attempted to beg off responsibility for this on the grounds that it was Reagan's state of emergency proclamation that specified that the Sheriff would be in charge. But on May 24, after the Berkeley City Council had demanded that the proclamation be suspended, Reagan responded by saying that it was the University which had asked for the state of emergency back in February during the Third World student strike on campus and "the Administration has not since then at any time requested it be dropped." There was no response from the University either asking that it be lifted or denying the accuracy of Reagan's statement.

Undoubtedly Heyns had great reservations about the style of the men who became his bedfellows in the issue of People's Park. The Chancellor is a connoisseur of the soft sell, an expert in pseudo-management. His public relations people point out that "his work as a scholar has concentrated on decision-making in small groups, social conformity, non-conformity and measurement of social motives." Frank Madigan's official

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biographer reports that he is esteemed for "his intimate knowledge of subversives, communists, gangsters, with facts about them at his fingertips." Madigan has been with the County Sheriff's Department since 1932; he is an alumnus of the elite FBI National Academy and a recipient of the California American Legion award for "untiring zeal" in narcotics law enforcement. Meanwhile Heyns sits on national educational councils and writes books like *The Psychology of Personal Adjustment* and *An Anatomy for Conformity*.

But, matters of style aside, the assumptions of the two about what is socially important and about the nature of the enemy are remarkably similar. To Madigan, the whole crisis had been generated by "anarchists and revolutionaries" who will "continue until they take this form of government down, starting with the educational system and then with law enforcement." To Heyns, it was "the intransigent determination of radicals to make extreme demands and to provoke confrontation." To both, the protection of the idea of property (in this case institutional rather than private) as sacred had to be defended at all costs lest the example of its violation be followed elsewhere.

Heyns' first point of reference was always as property manager—not as educator, cultural innovator, or even social analyst. In a statement to the Academic Senate which seemed to parrot the line of campus Marxists, he said: "While the analogy is not perfect, it may make the point: a conservative landlord was confronted with an unauthorized tenant whose original announced intention was to create a 'cultural, political, freakout, and rap center of the western world,' and I was the business manager."

It is not surprising that those who attacked the landlord's property became the "Viet Cong"—an enemy who by definition could not be seriously committed to decent and positive ideals, because anyone who makes trouble for landlords could not care about people. The analogy with Viet-Nam seemed increasingly relevant as the U.S. Army occupied Berkeley over the objections of its citizens and, finally, its City Council.

Heyns sounded like a Secretary of State when, in apologizing for possible excesses of the troops, he insisted that enemy aggression had to be contained: "The original appropriation of University property by people with no claim to it was an unjustified aggression and, obviously, it was an unjustified use of force for hundreds of people to attempt to re-take the land last Thursday. These acts did not minimize violence—they provoked it." Like Dean Rusk, he ignored the initial aggression: the attempt to shape the history of a people and culture which wanted none of it.

The Chancellor had built his strategic hamlet in the South Campus to split the good natives from the bad, but it hadn't worked and the bad guys had more influence among the neighbors than before. As a result he was "forced" into "measured responses"—step-by-step escalation: the soft sell was replaced by the hard line. The soccer field and the fence were replaced by shotgun killers and a helicopter selectively bombing the campus with tear gas. The concept of strategic hamlets had failed; they were replaced by hardened generals and overkilling B-52's. It begins with the stated goal of rooting out the handful of agitators and ends in treating the whole population as the enemy. In both cases much is made of the presumed "insincerity" of the revolutionary, but what is ignored is the fact that the revolutionary succeeds only when he has managed to strike a responsive chord in the people.

Those who built the People's Park touched one of the deep needs of people who feel their lives have been trivialized by a consumer society, who feel powerless against big institutions and their planning, and who find the dominant culture dull, lonely and oppressive. This is what made the park important and legitimate.

The University could not fulfill these needs—even if it had wanted to—without fundamentally challenging its own assumptions and structure as well as those of the larger society. Being committed to the preservation of the dominant institutions and power arrangement at all costs, the University was forced to treat any who threatened those relationships as an implacable enemy to be removed at any price. If the enemy resisted, then it was necessary to fight a war of example lest others be encouraged to repeat the resistance. This all-out war can only be justified by placing the enemy in a sub-human, scapegoat category: "street people, Viet Cong, Nigger."

The policy begins with "reasonable" men, as it did in Viet-Nam and in Berkeley, but it must always end with the hawks. If one assumes that the values of the powerful are sacred and that those who fundamentally challenge them are devils, then a holy crusade is ultimately in order. When the more benign tactics fail, the conditions have been created for the more extreme. Thus, however much they demur later on, the Heynses unleash the Reagans.

Heyns undoubtedly believed that Madigan and Reagan had overreacted, but he had to support publicly the "necessity" of their actions. When President Hitch entered some mild disclaimers, Reagan thundered that Hitch was trying to "weasel his way to the other side" of the battle. Hitch backed off. When Berkeley Mayor Wallace Johnson suggested vaguely that Madigan had acted "clumsily," the sheriff shot back, "I suggest the mayor take his umbrella to the Berkeley Munich, wherever that might be." Johnson backed off too. In the appeaser syndrome, the hawks are always on top.

At the Regents' meeting of June 20, Reagan pushed through a proposal to build student housing on the park site. The Regents rejected a compromise proposal of University president Hitch who now vainly tried to get the Regents to lease the land to the city for seven years, with a portion set aside for a user developed park. Reagan denounced this, saying it would "appear as nothing but a cop-out on this issue. We bought this land for $1.3 million for a specific use," a fact which Chancellor Heyns could hardly deny, since it was his original proposal now come home to haunt him. Heyns argued lamely that the situation had changed, and the People's Park idea now "drew support from the entire University community and the people of Berkeley. . . . This is now a popular issue. It is not an issue to fight on." It all sounded a bit like Dean Rusk concluding that the war in Viet-Nam had been a tactical mistake—the wrong war at the wrong time. But Reagan was pleased with the development of the war, and now he was in charge.

Regent Fred Dutton best summarized the whole People's Park affair when he said after the Board of Regents' vote: "This Board offered repression and no solutions. The center keeps shrinking, and we are the provocateurs."

Reporters on this article: Nancy Bardacke, Rick Brown and Art Goldberg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAMPAGE

THE FOLLOWING REPORT summarizes an investigation prompted by the obvious failure of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department, the Alameda County Grand Jury, the District Attorney and the F.B.I. to seriously inquire into the indiscriminate shooting and killing by members of law enforcement agencies during the recent occupation of Berkeley—an inquiry that would lead to the prosecution of those officers involved.

UNDER THE DIRECTION of Dugald Stermer, with Robert Scheer, former F.B.I. agent Bill Turner (who drafted the final report), Harvey Cohen and private investigator Harold Lipset, RAMPARTS compiled this detailed chronology of a bloody rampage through the streets of Berkeley, on Thursday, May 15, by a 15-man squad of "peace officers," including the tragic facts surrounding the killing of James Rector.—THE EDITORS

[THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1969, 12:30 P.M.]

THE MARCH TO "repossess" the People's Park had just ended, and Telegraph Avenue was jammed with marchers and onlookers. On the east side of the intersection of Telegraph and Haste Street (*see Map, Figure 1*) were barricades and a wall of Berkeley police, augmented by California highway patrolmen. The police were decked out in riot gear—they were there to bar access to the People's Park.

Some verbal taunts flew, then some debris was tossed at the police. Someone uncapped the ancient fire hydrant on the northwest corner of the intersection and the stream of water was deflected to drench several highway patrolmen.

At this crucial moment a squad of 15 men in blue jump suits and deep blue riot helmets, with service revolvers on their hips, batons in their hands, and gas mask tote bags slung over their shoulders, moved in. Their leader, wearing sergeant's stripes, recapped the hydrant. A segment of the crowd fell back to the west on Haste, and a few missiles were flung. The blue-clad squad hesitated, then pulled back. In about 15 minutes they reappeared, armed with 12-gauge magnum shotguns.

Officially, the Sheriff's Department does not have a Tactical Squad, but the paramilitary manner in which the 15-man squad went into action that day made it one, de facto. After the initial confrontation with the marchers over the hydrant incident, the deputies had rendez-voused with an unmarked white patrol car which was serving as a mobile arsenal. On the instructions of Chief Deputy Sheriff Thomas Houchins, in plainclothes, they had obtained the shotguns. Subsequently, Sheriff Madigan would state that only birdshot, which is not considered to have a human kill potential, was issued. When it became irrefutably clear that some size "00" buckshot, a much heavier and more lethal load, had been issued, the Sheriff revised his story to say that the supply of birdshot had run out and some buckshot had indeed been given out. The fact is that birdshot *and* buckshot had been issued simultaneously.

In charge of the 15-man sheriff's squad was Sergeant Louis Santucci, badge 13, of Pleasanton. In the following photographic sequence of the squad's sweep through the Telegraph Avenue area, Santucci is identifiable by his sleeve stripes, the radio pack slung on his back, the coiled mike cable draped over his left shoulder and the mike head hanging loosely over his left breast, as well as his bulky physique and protruding stomach. The sergeant's regular assignment is as a gang boss at the sheriff's Santa Rita detention center, which means herding and guarding prisoners on work gangs. (Some others in the squad also are gang bosses at Santa Rita.)

The witnesses who furnished this account of the deputies' rampage through Berkeley were not, understandably, glancing at their watches. Therefore the times are approximate, but the sequence of events is definite.

[SAME DAY, 1:00 P.M.]

As the deputies, now armed with shotguns and with gas masks on, started their sweep west on Haste, RAMPARTS photographer and Cal student Elihu Blotnick stood facing them in the street. He took a photograph (*Figure 2*) showing a Berkeley officer hurling a tear gas cannister while, on the extreme left, Sergeant Santucci fires his shotgun into a

[A DESCRIPTION OF THE 'BLUE MEANIES']

Many in the crowd were familiar with those uniforms and with the burly sergeant. They were Alameda County sheriff's deputies. They had been called in during the February campus "emergency" declared by Governor Reagan over the Third World Liberation Front controversy, and the students had dubbed them "The Blue Meanies" after the repressive forces in the Beatles' film, *The Yellow Submarine*.

Normally, the deputies are limited to duties such as acting as "work gang bosses" and court bailiffs, transporting prisoners and policing rural areas of the county and smaller cities which do not have their own police forces. Even among the police, they are considered rather crude and *declasse*—unprofessional in the sense that they are versed only in the physical and martial arts. As one progressive police chief delicately phrased it, "They aren't exactly sensitive to urban problems."

Under a mutual assistance pact, a law enforcement agency in the Bay Area can request assistance from other agencies. On May 15, delegations from the California Highway Patrol, the Oakland Police and the San Francisco Police, which dispatched its crack Tactical Squad, were on hand. The sheriff's department would have entered Berkeley without invitation, however, in compliance with standing instructions from Governor Reagan issued during last February's "emergency." On May 15, Alameda County Sheriff Madigan was in line with these instructions, the supreme commander of all law enforcement present.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

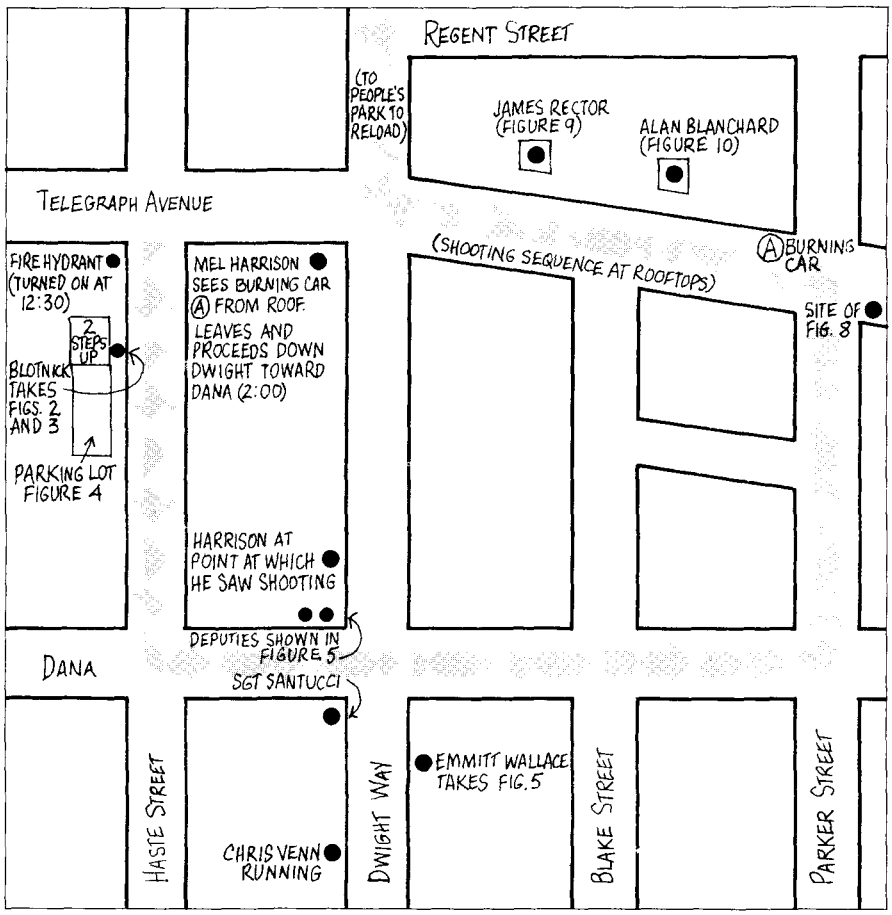

REGENT STREET
(TO PEOPLE'S PARK TO RELOAD)
JAMES RECTOR (FIGURE 9)
ALAN BLANCHARD (FIGURE 10)
TELEGRAPH AVENUE
(A) BURNING CAR
(SHOOTING SEQUENCE AT ROOFTOPS)
SITE OF FIG. 8
FIRE HYDRANT (TURNED ON AT 12:30)
2 STEPS UP
BLOTNICK TAKES FIGS. 2 AND 3
PARKING LOT FIGURE 4
MEL HARRISON SEES BURNING CAR (A) FROM ROOF. LEAVES AND PROCEEDS DOWN DWIGHT TOWARD DANA (2:00)
HARRISON AT POINT AT WHICH HE SAW SHOOTING
DEPUTIES SHOWN IN FIGURE 5
DANA
SGT SANTUCCI
EMMITT WALLACE TAKES FIG. 5
HASTE STREET
CHRIS VENN RUNNING
DWIGHT WAY
BLAKE STREET
PARKER STREET

FIGURE 1

FIGURE 2

lot on the north. Blotnick's second photograph (*Figure 3*), taken seconds later, shows Santucci surveying the lot to the north while another deputy in the foreground fires into a lot to the south.

Associated Press photographer Rhyder McClure was standing in the lot into which the sergeant shot. A young man was standing next to him with his hands at his sides. About 50 students swept past running west, McClure says, then the deputies appeared. He estimates that as many as five deputies fired into the lot. The young man next to him was hit,

FIGURE 3

probably twice. McClure dragged him to the rear of the lot, then promised to call an ambulance. "No," groaned the victim, apparently in shock. "I don't have any money." When help came, McClure took a picture of the unknown victim (*Figure 4*).

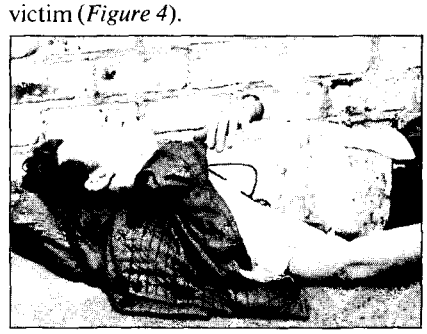


FIGURE 4

[1:45 P.M.]

Sociology student Melvin C. Harrison Jr. was on the roof of a building at Telegraph and Dwight Way when he spotted an overturned car burning two blocks south, at Telegraph and Parker. He wanted to take pictures, he says, but did not care to hazard the two-block trip down Telegraph, because he had just seen a white unmarked patrol car careening back and forth on the street trying to intercept two young men. So he walked west on Dwight intending to go around the back way. Ahead, at the corner of Dwight and Dana, a small crowd had gathered. According to Harrison: "Suddenly the crowd broke and ran, and I sensed that the police were coming from somewhere. One youth tarried, then started to dash west on Dwight. From the right [*north on Dana*] a deputy appeared, running. The deputy rounded the corner, stopped, and leveled his gun at the fleeing youth. He dipped his gun for an instant, then re-leveled it and fired. The youth went sprawling into the gutter. Without a second look, the deputy wheeled and strode back in the direction from which he had come. His gas mask was not on, and his face was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

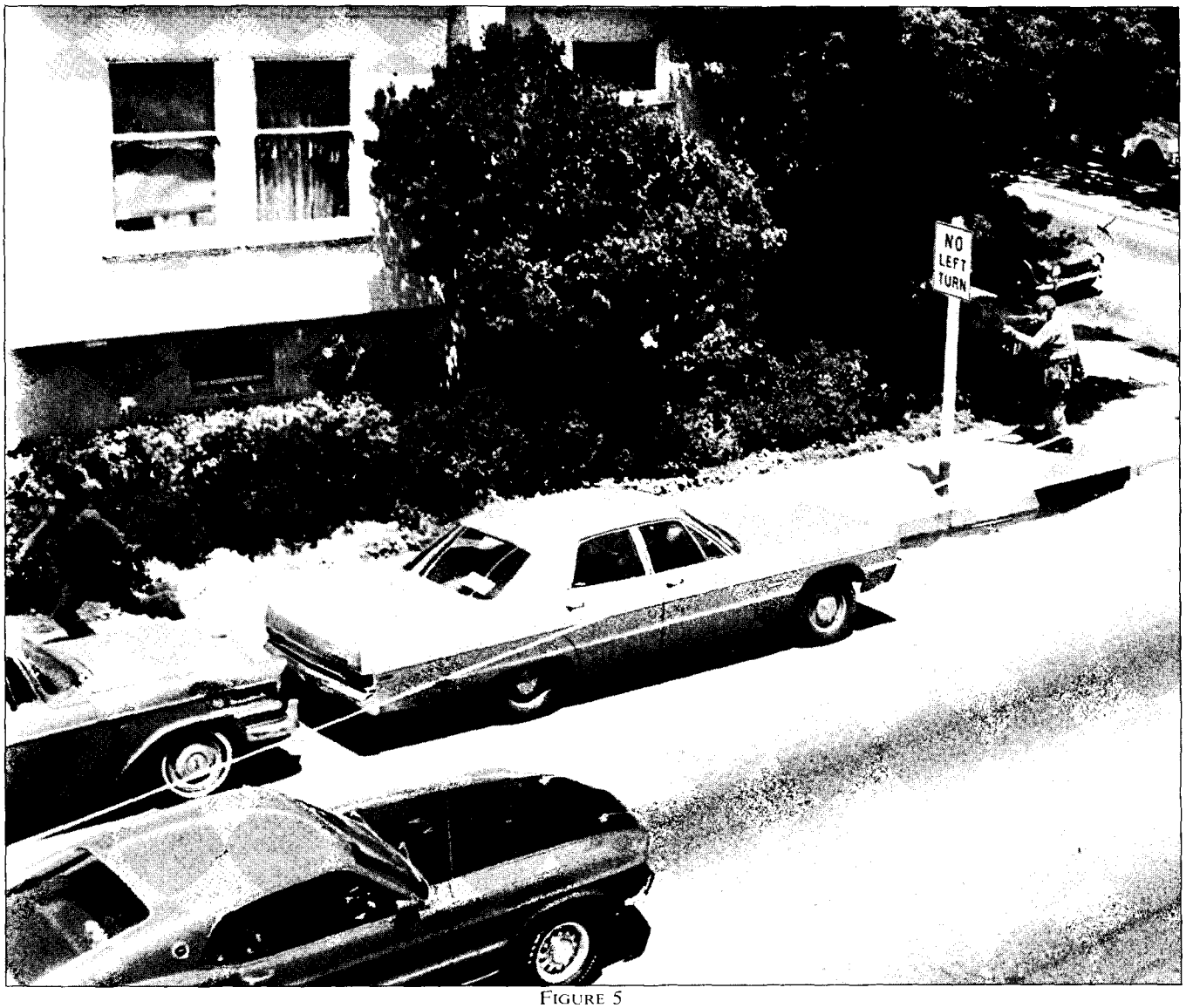


FIGURE 5

visible through the clear plastic face shield. I recognized him. He was the sergeant in charge of the deputies during the Third World Strike in February."

From their second-floor apartment on the southwest corner of Dwight and Dana, 34-year-old Emitt N. Wallace Jr. and his wife Johanna had also seen the small crowd. The people had come from the direction of Telegraph, and the Wallaces assumed they were escaping the tear gas. All at once the crowd ran—a squad of deputies was coming from the north on Dana. One deputy hurried around the corner and aimed his shotgun at the long-haired youth who had been the last to flee. The Wallaces did not hear any command to halt. Emitt Wallace aimed his camera, snapping the shutter at almost the precise moment that the deputy pulled the trigger. "I couldn't believe he would actually shoot," Wallace remembers.

Wallace's photograph (*Figure 5*) was published in the San Francisco Chronicle several days later. Encircled at the left is the running victim, an anti-gas cloth over his nose. Encircled at the right is the deputy. Two other deputies can be seen in the extreme upper right corner behind the top of the traffic signal.

Sheriff Madigan reacted to the photograph's publication by charging that the victim had thrown an object at the deputies and, when identified, would be booked for assault. Producing a copy of the photograph, he pointed out a "pile of rocks and debris" on the corner which, by implication, had been the missile's source. The Chronicle photo, he alleged, had been doctored to obliterate the pile. (The Chronicle's copy was lighter, but the pile was there if, in the newspaper's words, "not as discernable." It is reproduced here without alteration.)

Significantly, Madigan did not produce the deputy who had fired the shot to corroborate his claim that objects were thrown. And when the victim, Chris Venn, was finally identified in public, no charge was filed against him. The reason might lie in the fact that three civilian witnesses, the Wallaces and Harrison, contradict the contention that Venn—or anyone—threw anything. According to the Wallaces, the rocks were most likely left on the corner by a teenage boy who at least a half hour before had tried to reach and bash in the traffic signal. (Venn, who was on probation for destroying his draft card, subsequently was jailed—by federal authorities; his probation was revoked for reasons supposedly unrelated to the incident.)

Prompted by Madigan's rock-throwing charge and his refusal to name the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deputy who shot Venn, Melvin Harrison went to Telegraph Avenue with his camera. The deputies were still in town, and he took a photograph of the man he positively identified as the shooter (*Figure 6*). In juxtaposition to Harrison's picture is the Alameda sheriff's personnel "mug shot" of Badge 13, Sergeant Louis Santucci (*Figure 7*).

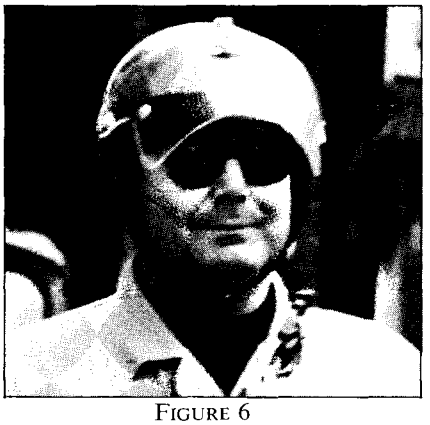


FIGURE 6

FIGURE 7

[2:00 P.M.]

The deputies trooped south on Dana and swung east on Parker toward the intersection where the car was still burning. As they proceeded up Parker, some fired their shotguns at an oblique angle into the pavement to scatter bystanders. The squad then marshalled on the far side of Telegraph, next to a Standard Oil station.

[2:15 P.M.]

The burning car had attracted a large curious crowd. A Berkeley police skirmish line had driven them down Telegraph to the south. The police had lobbed tear gas cannisters, forcing them back still further. The crowd merely watched. "Things were in this static state," recounts graduate history student Raymond Gozzi, "when blue-overalled police arrived on the scene."

En route to the campus with his wife, Elizabeth, Gozzi had stopped to watch, too. "Neither my wife nor I saw any object thrown in the direction of the blue-overalled police," he recalls. "We heard nothing shouted at the police. We saw nobody approach closer than a half block to the police." Suddenly, the deputies moved onto Telegraph, "raised their shotguns and started firing at the crowd." Coincidentally, three or four young men were casually crossing the street between the deputies and the crowd. Says Gozzi: "As both my wife and I watched, we saw one of the young men who had been crossing Telegraph Avenue clutch both of his hands to his face and fall forward onto the concrete. He writhed there in pain. Some companions ran to him. The police kept firing."

Student Ron Stinnett, positioned on the southwest corner of the intersection, also saw the young man shot by a deputy. When the deputies started shooting, he says, he had the impression they might have been aiming slightly over the heads of the crowd. But then he saw a deputy deliberately swing his gun onto the young man who was crossing the street and fire at a distance of some 35 feet. The victim pitched to the gutter, and Stinnett snapped a photograph (*Figure 8*). In the background, looking south on Telegraph, is, again, Sergeant Santucci.

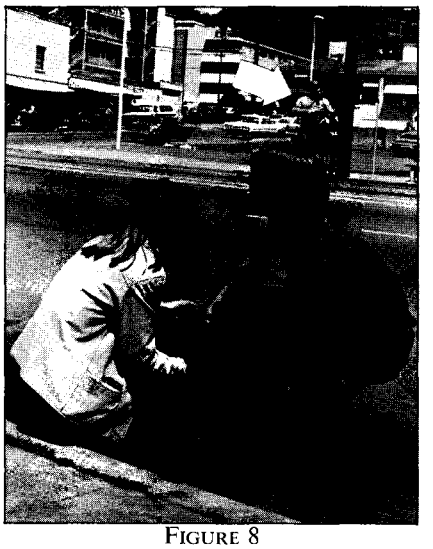


FIGURE 8

[2:30 P.M.]

In loose formation, the deputies then headed north on Telegraph, halting just short of the intersection with Dwight Way. There was a crowd standing around looking north across an entirely clear block. Some Berkeley police kept the Dwight Way access to the People's Park blocked off. Nothing of consequence was happening. Sergeant Santucci got on his radio.

The spectacle was being observed by people on the roofs of buildings lining the east side of Telegraph. On the roof of a white-faced three-story building housing the boarded-up Granma bookstore were about a half dozen persons who had clambered up an outside stairway to get above a thin pall of tear gas that had hung at street level (*Figure 9*). James B. Rector, from San Jose, who had been visiting friends in Berkeley was among them. The 26-year-old Rector has his back to the camera; he is wearing a dark leather jacket and a white cloth is hanging from his right rear pocket.

Atop a two-story pink stucco building immediately to the south, approximately

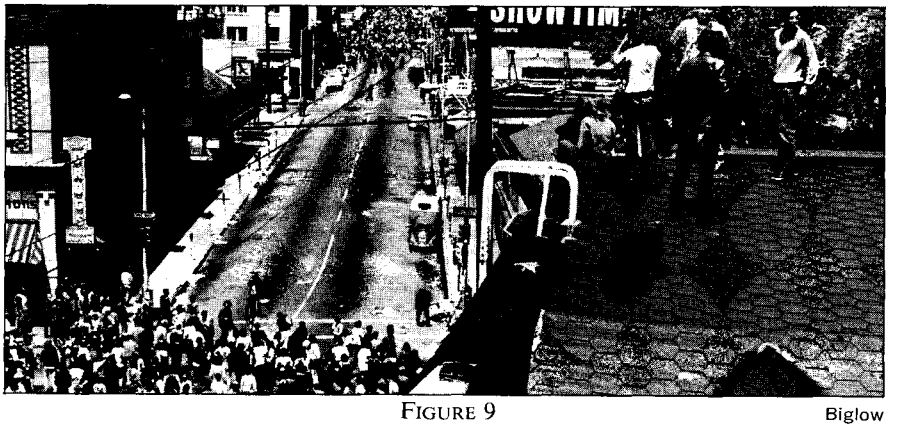


FIGURE 9 Biglow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blotnick

FIGURE 10

17 persons were clustered about the penthouse offices of the Telegraph Repertory Cinema (*Figure 10*). Among them is Alan Blanchard (*arrow*), age 29, an employee of the Cinema, an artist, and the father of a three-month-old son. On the roof of the building further south was a tall red-headed youth who, according to witnesses, had been drinking beer. He had a small rock in each hand, and he cocked his arm. Alan Blanchard and George Pauly of the Repertory Cinema yelled at him not to throw.

The rocks arched down onto the street, bounced, and one brushed a free-lance photographer in the heel. He and other witnesses claim that it did not hit close to any deputy and that no other missile was thrown.

The deputies stiffened. Eight or nine of them (according to an analysis of a number of photographs taken at the time) aimed their shotguns at the rooftops. A count of the spent shell casings visible afterwards on the pavement indicates that at least nine shots were fired.

The two deputies in this photograph (*Figure 11*) are located in front of the building from which the stones were thrown. Their aim, however, is diagonal, toward one of the two rooftops to the north.

Still farther up the line is Sergeant Santucci (*Figure 12, opposite*), whose aim is in the general direction of the two rooftops. The slighter sergeant, who appears under the barrel of Santucci's gun, is a Berkeley policeman. The deputy at left center with his shotgun elevated at 45 degrees has just fired a shot, as the shell casing ejecting from the chamber indicates. At the extreme lower left a shell casing standing on end in the street can be seen. A few seconds later Santucci and the other deputy lowered their shotguns and looked in the direction of their aim.

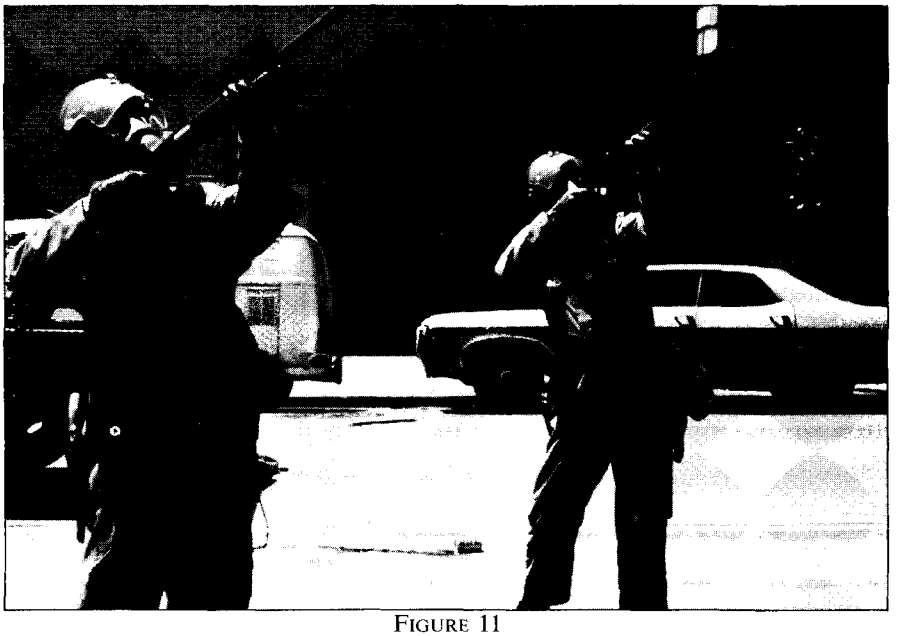


FIGURE 11

A photograph taken about five seconds after the firing had ceased (the passage of two utility trucks and a compact station wagon in the southbound lanes provides a time frame of reference for the sequence of events) shows a number of the deputies still at the ready (*Figure 13*).

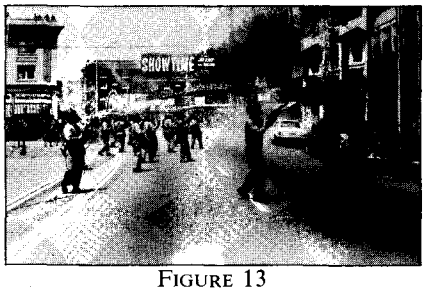


FIGURE 13

The deputy in the foreground standing on the white stripe apparently is the only one who fired at the rooftop from which the stones were thrown. Three empty shell casings are on the pavement in front of him, and the brick is a few feet to his rear. James Rector was watching from the white-faced building with outside fire escape. The penthouse from which Alan Blanchard was watching is to the right, in back of the utility pole.

After milling around uncertainly at the corner of Telegraph and Dwight for a time, the deputies moved east a number of yards on Dwight and met with the white unmarked car. They obtained fresh supplies of ammunition and stood around conversing and joking.

Meanwhile, on the rooftops, Rector and Blanchard had been seriously wounded. Rector would tell a hospital surgeon that he "looked down and saw a policeman aiming what appeared to be a scatter gun at me. . . . I turned to run and was shot in the left side." Witnesses on the roof say the force was so great—it jackknifed Rector—that they thought he had been struck with a tear gas projectile. History graduate student Michael Meo grabbed the victim, preventing him from tumbling off the roof. Rector lay on his back on the roof as blood gushed from his wounds and ran down the shingles (*Figure 14*). Blanchard, who ironically had tried to stop the brick-throwing, was carried inside the penthouse bleed-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIGURE 12

ing profusely about the head region and lightly in the torso and arms (*Figure 15*).

One of the penthouse people hurried down onto the street to summon aid. Three policemen—two from Berkeley and one highway patrolman—came up. They took one look at Blanchard, turned and left. "That's what you get for fucking around," one of them admonished.

It was about 45 minutes before ambulances took Rector and Blanchard to the hospital. Rector had suffered massive hemorrhaging and severe internal injuries. Surgeons removed his spleen, one kidney and part of his pancreas. Four days later he died.

Blanchard, the artist, was permanently blinded. Birdshot had literally exploded one eye and damaged the other to the extent that it lost 90 per cent of its vision.

[3:00 P.M.]

Following their rest break on Dwight Way, the deputies proceeded to the vicinity of People's Park. The crowd had been dispersed. Several commandeered National Guard jeeps and took off.

Standing at the intersection of Telegraph and Carleton Street, RAMPARTS Office Manager Charles Rudnick saw one jeep with four deputies and an unmarked car coming. There was gunfire from the jeep. Two bystanders fell, then rose and limped away.

At the corner of Parker and Regent, painting contractor Clarence J. Elson had just double-parked his truck. He had been inspecting a job site, had caught a whiff of tear gas and was looking for a water faucet in order to wash his eyes. "As I alighted from the truck," he says, "I noticed two policemen, gas masks on, and one of the policemen had either a rifle or pistol aimed and shot me in the leg. The blue-helmeted men were at about 125 feet from me," Edson recalls, "and just stood there two or three seconds. I had to drag my leg over to my truck and when I looked up again they were gone. In no way did they give me assistance or medical aid of any kind."

Apartment-house owner Richard Ehernberger was walking north on Regent between Derby and Parker, heading for his car. A few people were wandering about the street. Ehernberger saw a deputy about 50 yards away, near the corner of Parker. Ehernberger is not politically active and dresses conventionally, but he does have a beard. During the curfew last summer he had been chased and beaten by police, and friends had told him it was because he had run. When he saw a deputy aim a barreled weapon at him, Ehernberger related, "I didn't run and didn't believe the deputy would actually shoot." The shot tore through his right calf, leaving a channel that was the size of a .30 caliber bullet or a buckshot slug.

A student walking on Regent at that time recounts that a deputy at the corner of Regent and Parker "stood for a few seconds, looking at the quiet, almost deserted street, then slowly raised his gun and pointed it down the street." The student ducked and heard a shot and a cry of pain.

More outraged than disabled, Ehernberger got in his car and drove to City Hall. He stormed past the receptionist and into the office of Mayor Wallace Johnson, blood dripping onto the thick carpet. The mayor wasn't in. Says Ehernberger, "I was going to ask him just what the hell is going on in our town."

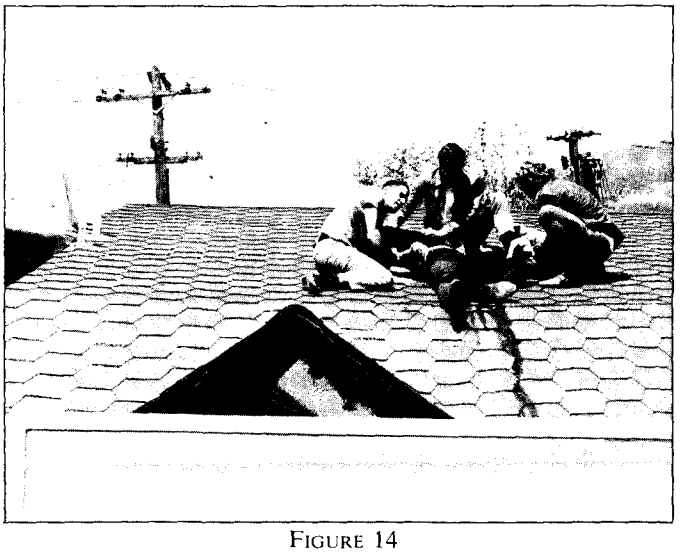


FIGURE 14

FIGURE 15

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rocky Takes A Trip

"THE TRIP IS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS," Nelson Rockefeller told reporters at Kennedy Airport on returning from the second leg of his presidential fact-finding tour of Latin America. The "success"—which already included anti-American demonstrations at every stop, at least ten deaths, the cancellation of scheduled visits to Venezuela and Peru, and a three-hour visit with the President of Bolivia confined to the Bolivian airport (for "security reasons")—certainly exceeded even President Nixon's own Latin triumph a decade ago, when he was stoned and spat on in the countries which Rockefeller had to pass up this time.

In pulling off his Latin American spectacular, however, Rockefeller had certain built-in advantages over Nixon. In the first place, Rockefeller's trip came eight years after the founding of the Alliance for Progress, the great Kennedy bonanza which was supposed to lift Latin America "democratically" out of her economic and social abyss, but which has merely sunk her deeper into it. (The continent actually has fewer elected regimes than when the Alliance was initiated and has become even poorer relative to the U.S.) In the second place, Rockefeller is one of the principal absentee owners of the Latin American economy, a fact curiously overlooked in U.S. press accounts but not, therefore, lacking in reality.

The immediate background to the Rockefeller trip was the oil crisis in Peru and the general deterioration of U.S.-Latin relations which resulted from that crisis. On October 9 of last year, the new Peruvian military junta seized the International Petroleum Company (IPC), claiming that the company owed Peru more than a billion dollars because it had gained its concessions to Peruvian oil illegally in the past and had sent profits to the U.S. that should have been re-invested in the Peruvian economy. The generals were not socialists but nationalists, indignant at the arm-twisting that first Britain and then the United States had employed to wrench these oil concessions from weak and corrupt Peruvian regimes. With the nationalist coup, U.S.-Peruvian relations plummeted to an all-time low; disputes over fishing vessels were followed by the cutting off of U.S. military aid and the refusal to receive special representative Rockefeller on his tour.

If Peru is the powder keg of the Latin American crisis, the powder inside it is in large part a Rockefeller product. The International Petroleum Company in question is a subsidiary of the Rockefellers' Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Not unmindful of this fact, the Peruvian junta in its more militant moments has also threatened the Rockefeller-connected Cerro Corporation, which has vast mining interests in Peru. The junta has also ordered the Chase Manhattan Bank (president: David Rockefeller) to divest itself of control of the Banco Continental of Peru, the country's fourth largest commercial bank. There are, in addition, five other Rockefeller-dominated oil companies in Peru: the Compañía de Petróleo Chevron S.A., the Refinería Concham-Chevron S.A. (both subsidiaries of Standard Oil of California) and three wholly owned subsidiaries of Mobil (the Standard Oil Company of New York). Finally, the International Basic Economy Corporation, which Nelson himself began 22 years ago, runs a sugar mill, a chain of American-style supermarkets, a major poultry-breeding operation and an insurance brokerage business.

PERU OF COURSE IS NOT UNIQUE: Latin America functions generally as a source of fabulous wealth for giant U.S. corporate interests, and for the Rockefellers in particular. In Venezuela, for example, oil is the key to a lopsided economy which generates tremendous profits for a few and appalling poverty for the many. Venezuela is the world's largest exporter and third largest producer of oil (behind the U.S. and the USSR); oil accounts for 93 per cent of Venezuela's export earnings and 63 per cent of government revenue.

Who owns Venezuela's oil? Not the Venezuelans. By far the biggest company in Venezuela, as in Peru, is a Standard Oil (NJ) subsidiary—this time the Creole Petroleum Company, where Nelson Rockefeller had his first real job as a corporate director. Creole alone accounts for more than 35 per cent of Venezuela's oil. In addition to Creole, Jersey Standard is represented in Venezuela by IPC, the Peruvian *casus belli*, which has a 25 per cent share of the Mene Grande Oil Company, a Gulf (Mellon family) subsidiary. Then there is the Rockefellers' Mobil, which accounts for four per cent of the Venezuelan oil product, an amount which may seem trifling, but is still *four times* what the government-controlled Corporación Venezolana de Petróleo produces.

In view of the Rockefellers' personal (one might almost say parental) concern for Peru, Venezuela, and Latin America generally, it was no doubt a thoughtful gesture on the part of President Nixon not only to select Nelson for the fact-finding trip, but also to appoint as special ambassador to deal with the Peruvian crisis someone "in the family," so to speak. John Irwin II, the new presidential ambassador, is in real life legal counsel for the Rockefeller Foundation, board chairman of the Rockefeller-endowed Union Theological Seminary, and trustee of the U.S. Trust Company, a giant New York bank controlled by several Standard Oil families, including the Rockefellers. Mr. Irwin is also the brother-in-law of Arthur K. Watson, board chairman of IBM, which has considerable investments in Peru and other Latin American countries.

by David Horowitz

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watson himself was one of the Latin "specialists" chosen by Governor Rockefeller to accompany him on his trip. Another specialist in the entourage was George D. Woods, former World Bank head, former trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, a director of the Chase and board chairman of the First Boston Corporation, a Rockefeller-Mellon creation and one of the two most important investment banks in the world.

If Rockefeller's abortive embassage (whose conflict of interest overlaps make Abe Fortas look like a Merit Scout) is regarded only as a muckraker's special, however, its true significance will have been utterly overlooked. Far from representing an inappropriate or injudicious presidential appointment, Rockefeller is, by common consent of responsible establishment opinion, "unquestionably the ideal choice for good-will ambassador to Latin America by background, personality, knowledge of Spanish [Berlitz], business and official experience, and sympathy with the problems and aspirations of Latin America." Indeed, no one comes to mind as a more knowledgeable and experienced *political* figure in Latin American affairs than Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller.

ROCKEFELLER'S FIRST PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENT came 30 years ago when FDR made the fledgling Republican Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs. (He was only 32 years old at the time and already a director of Creole Petroleum and president of Rockefeller Center Inc.) Four years later, at the age of 36, he became America's first Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs. It was not because Rockefeller's conflict of interest was overlooked that he was selected (then as now) to represent the United States and shape its Latin policy; rather it was this very interest (the domination of the Latin American economy) which was the reason for his selection. The proposition that "What's good for Standard Oil (and U.S. overseas business) is good for the United States" has been an axiom of U.S. foreign policy makers since the turn of the century. And given the supremacy of U.S. international corporations in the domestic and international economy, what other arrangement would be feasible? For what power could these overweening interests invoke to protect their overseas investments and markets against nationalist expropriation or competitive intervention by other imperial minded states, except the power of the U.S. government and its military forces?

"I can say, not merely in courtesy—but as a fact," Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State told a gathering of top businessmen, "my Department is your department; the ambassadors, the ministers, and the consuls are all yours. It is their business to look after your interests and to guard your rights." U.S. statesmen nowadays would not be so impolitic as to come right out with these sentiments, but no one who has carefully studied their specific actions and programs can doubt that their operative principles are in accord with them. Indeed, the responsibilities of running a global empire in the postwar world have become so great that, rather than delegate the operation to trusted emissaries, businessmen themselves have flocked to the seats of government in unprecedented numbers.

In the midst of this rush the top American foreign policy post has, in the last 20 years, become a virtual preserve of the Chase-Rockefeller-Standard Oil complex, the dominant influence in America's economic empire abroad. Dean Acheson, Truman's Secretary of State from 1948-52, was a corporate attorney for a firm serving such major clients in the complex as the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Schroeder Trust. In 1952, the position was given to John Foster Dulles, formerly board chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation and a Senior Partner in Sullivan & Cromwell, attorneys for Standard Oil (NJ). When Dulles died in 1959, Christian Herter (who had married into one of the original Standard Oil families*) was appointed his interim successor, and Kennedy preserved the lineage with Dulles' prótegé, Dean Rusk, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Even Richard Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller's arch opponent within the Republican Party and the candidate of Chicago-California-Texas financial interests, was forced to pay obeisance to the divine right which is vested in "the lower end of Manhattan island," as Arthur Schlesinger likes to call Wall Street. Thus Nixon attempted to appoint George Harrar, the incumbent president of the Rockefeller Foundation, as his Secretary of State. Harrar declined, and Nixon chose a crony with no experience in foreign affairs. To keep tabs on him, Nixon named Henry A. Kissinger (Nelson Rockefeller's personal foreign policy advisor) as his special assistant operating at the center of all foreign policy planning committees up to and including cabinet level.

THE CONTROL OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY by the financial-oil aristocracy (euphemistically referred to, in the liberal vernacular, as the "Eastern Establishment") has been obvious since the days of old J. P. Morgan; it just hasn't been talked about in respectable middle-class circles since the advent of the Cold War. Now, however, when the global military-economic empire put together by these stewards of policy and wealth is shaking about their ears, the inevitable questions can no longer be deferred. The tremendous energies of outward expansion which took the form of overseas economic investment (an unprecedented eight-fold increase since 1945), cultural imperialism, and galloping militarism spreading more than 3000 bases around the globe, have produced only a blighted and unstable prosperity at home, and more than four million corpses (mostly yellow and brown, mostly peasant) abroad.

In purely economic terms, the poor countries have become relatively poorer vis-a-vis the U.S. as a direct result of this expansion and its consequences, which include billions in repatriated profits escaping into U.S. coffers. This state of affairs will continue to worsen as long as the policy of the most powerful nations is dictated by the policies of business: to him who hath it shall be given, and to him who hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away. The solution cannot be by way of Alliance for Progress type reform programs under the aegis of the same financiers and imperialists who are responsible for the system and receive its maximum benefits. As Eldridge Cleaver once pointed out, "What we need is not a war on poverty, but a war on the rich."

*The Pratts. Herter's son is now a vice president of Mobil.

David Horowitz is the author of Empire and Revolution, *Random House, 1969.* *The author wishes to acknowledge the use of research material prepared by the North American Congress on Latin America.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ephemera

THEATER

"Living"

THE LIVING THEATER, which came in like a lion after a five-year foreign exile during which its legend grew as big as Frankenstein's, has now gone out like a lamb, leaving tracks all over the slick press (nude theater was a cover story in Life and Esquire a few months ago), but unnoticed by all the advanced heads who buzzed about its arrival for months beforehand. Around New York it is rumored that the trip was unsuccessful. There is a simple lesson here about the danger of becoming a legend, but the story of what the Living Theater thought it had to teach us in the first place is a significant bit of cultural history.

The Living Theater was the original radical theater, challenging the assumptions of the system while the rest of the avant-garde was worried about metaphysics or McCarthyism. It was in exile for five years, a wandering religious community: 35 people, at least two of them geniuses, living in an atmosphere, the legend said, of the most fervent intensity, suffering, tripping, creating as one. But the wisdom it brought back, snatched from the jaws of hell, turned out to be—turn on, tune in, drop out.

This message has seldom been delivered so seriously. Julian Beck and Judith Malina say they have been anarchists since the late 1940's, and they spent a long apprenticeship in the theater of despair pondering the evils for which they now believe they have found the answer. Their ecstatic vision does not look like self-indulgence; it looks like a very hard-won, slender hope. "Paradise Now" was preceded by years of hell: "The Connection," "The Brig," "Antigone," "Frankenstein." The company is still better at images of pain than ones of joy. Images are what they are celebrated for, and those who saw the first act of "Frankenstein" (where people performing machine-like motions in the interstices of a many-storied scaffolding compose a picture of compartmentalized industrial society, and where the actors build the monster, as high as the scaffolding, with their own bodies and make it move) had their expectations gratified. The religion expressed in "Paradise Now" must be in large part a product of the company's experience in working on those earlier productions.

The Living Theater, the Polish Laboratory Theatre of Jerzy Grotowski, and the Open Theatre, separately and together, developed the methods of intense concentration, physicalization and subverbal communication that are the bases for what has recently grown wheels and become a bandwagon, called New Theater, on which the Yale School of Drama (over the nearly dead body of its dean, Robert Brustein), Richard Schechner, the Village Voice and, lamely, Broadway, have jumped. If the press had not named it already, we would call it "ecstatic theater": it seeks by the intensity of the actors' emotions and the physical suggestiveness of their actions to bring the audience to an exalted state where they are purged of hang-ups.

The techniques—extreme physical discipline (which enables a Living Theater actor, for example, to lie rigid with his head and hands held two inches off the ground for eight or ten minutes); hypnotic rhythm exercises; give-and-take exercises (in the Machine, for instance, participants repeat movements, responding to each others', until all are moving harmoniously enough to compose a living machine)—predate this employment of them. They were originally used, in productions like "The Brig," to make the audience experience suffering (Grotowski still uses them that way); but the techniques, above all the contact they create in the ensemble, are a profound turn-on, and profoundly turned-on people turn into evangelists. "Paradise Now" is the Living Theater's attempt to share the way of living they have learned, to turn the world on.

THE PLAY BEGINS in the hell of frustration imposed by the system. With the house lights still on and no announcement, agonized people who turn out to be the actors start wandering through the audience, complaining angrily over and over, "I cannot travel without a passport," "I cannot live without money," "I am not allowed to smoke marijuana," "I do not know how to end the fucking wars," "I am NOT ALLOWED to take my clothes off." Then they strip to G-strings. There follows a series of exercise-rituals lasting four hours. The stage is the altar and center of action; the congregation is encouraged to crowd around. There is no set, only light-changes. According to the program, which shows a ladder each rung of which is a revolution—"the revolution of cultures," "the revolution of revelation," etc.—the rites are a series of steps to paradise (the Revolution). They proceed (a partial list) from "The Vision of the Life and Death of the American Indian" (a wah-wah-wah-wah dance that ends with all falling down), and "New York City: Eight Million People Living in a State of Emergency" (the bodies form skyscrapers and at sounds of violence all fall down again); through "The Rite of Universal Intercourse" (actors touch actors, actors touch audience, audience touches audience), and "The Vision of the Magic Love Zap" (an actress is lovingly caressed, kneaded, shaken, lifted, tossed until transfigured); to "The Vision of the Landing on Mars." (On this "rung," actors jump from the balcony and are caught by others. This is a curious reversal of the first scene of "Frankenstein," an attempted levitation: from a plain impossibility to a falsified possibility. In a successful performance people in the audience jump too and their faith is justified by their brothers below.)

Next is "The Vision of the Undoing of the Myth of Eden" (we don't remember this one and neither does anyone we asked); and finally, "The Street," where, if political conditions permit and the state of the audience encourages, Paradise spills out of the theater (it was at this point that the company was arrested for nudity in New Haven); otherwise everybody just goes home. The last step on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature

For clarity, also print your name after your signature

address date

city state zip

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

TEAR OUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE AND MAIL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It would be a boon to the country if congress were to make it illegal for any representative or senator not to read Fager's book from tragic beginning to bitter end."

—Robert Cromie, Chicago Tribune

UNCERTAIN RESURRECTION:
The Poor People's Washington Campaign, ***Charles Fager.*** This in-depth, eye-witness report probes for reasons and understanding why the dismal failure. Paper $2.45

BLACK REFLECTIONS ON WHITE POWER ***Sterling Tucker.*** A terrifying view of the white man's system by the Director of Field Services for the National Urban League. Cloth $3.95 *". . . a clear statement of a very important — and growing — position which stands between the traditional civil rights movement of a few years ago and a violent revolutionary stance . . . realistic and reasonable."* — **Charles V. Hamilton, Prof. of Political Science, Roosevelt University**

BLACK SELF-DETERMINATION:
The Story of the Woodlawn Organization ***Arthur M. Brazier***
"Brazier . . . is conspicuous for his realistic, sophisticated grasp of the politics of power. Leadership of his quality is one of the most encouraging notes of hope in what seems to be a bleak national scene."—**Saul D. Alinsky**
Cloth $4.50

9-14
At your bookseller's
WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

the program, unperformed, is "Change —the Permanent Revolution."

THE IMAGES ARE MAINLY diffused: the intensity is supposed to be in the atmosphere. The main differences between "Paradise Now" and a be-in are that "Paradise Now" is indoors at night and costs money while a be-in is outdoors in the daytime and free, and that at "Paradise Now" you are a spectator while at a be-in everybody is a participant. For these reasons "Paradise Now" is something of a cross between a be-in and a light show.

We went to the Straight Theater, town hall of the Haight-Ashbury, one night when the Living Theater was supposed to be doing a thing there: blue lights and incense; a lot of drums going; flutes; people dancing, some in robes, some in Levis, some naked; couples and groups necking, some of them to the music; everyone milling around in a gentle daze. "Paradise Now," or any night at the Straight? We learned that the Living Theater had already left for a party at Diane DiPrima's.

The style of celebration that is sweeping the New York avant-garde has been practiced for several years now by the California *lumpenproletariat*. The prescription for happiness also has been used there for some time. It was the hippies' idea to claim paradise now; that is *the* hippie idea. The Diggers put on "The War Is Over" celebrations in San Francisco and New York in 1967. The Living Theater's version is more artistic, with its series of set rites which presumably stand for something, but as Judith Malina says, "The rungs are so designed that while they are a sequence, at any point you can go to heaven, at any point you can, like total grace, make it." Wherever you turn on, you're in Paradise.

To pretend the revolution has happened already is simply to turn from politics to magic, unless you really believe that change will come about person by person. The Living Theater does really believe this; Beck's notes on "Paradise Now" in The Drama Review include this vision:

If there is peace in the individual
There is peace in the family
If there is peace in the family
There is peace in the community
If there is peace in the community
There is peace in the country
If there is peace in the country
There is peace in the world.

Expand your awareness and you change the world.

IN A RECENT ARTICLE IN RAMPARTS, Susan Sontag said that the "cultural revolution," with its emphasis on personal liberation, is the latest version of good old American individualism. The nonviolent anarchist revolution (rung five of the "Paradise Now" ladder) begins with the individual; it also ends with him. The formula says it: if I am happy, the world is OK. The Diggers under their old banner, "1% Free," did not propose to create a new economy, but to live on the surplus of the old one. The Living Theater complains, "I cannot live without money," exorcises the anger by rite and intoxication, and goes on charging Broadway prices. The Becks recognize the contradiction but say, "That is how we get our living." The excuse is admissible if by getting your living you are enabled to make a bigger change in the institutions than you would by nonparticipation. But when a nude psychedelic Broadway musical is not only conceivable but good for selling airline tickets, there are grounds for pessimism concerning the changes to be brought about by personal liberation. For Americans to start touching strangers is a healthy change, not a revolution; a be-in has the appearance of communal activity because people are in contact, but the contact is only a new source of private pleasure. If you put it to work (say at building a park) then you have communal activity. To liberate the personalities of your audience and stop there is to move from we to I; to change this society we have to move the other way.

The audience that saw "Paradise Now" in Berkeley understood this. First they liberated themselves: half the house was onstage, and much of it naked, before the actors appeared. Then they got together, chanting "three-four-five dollars" (referring to the price of tickets). Then they turned off the turn-on, harassing the actors and interfering with everything they tried to do. It was not a pleasant evening. The Berkeleyans had almost, but not quite, charged the Highway Patrol in a campus encounter that morning; in the naked bodies and passive attitudes of the Living Theater they clearly saw their own weakness, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joni Mitchell Finally Comes Across

After lo these 14 months—it has happened.

On our part, it's taken blood, sweat, tears, and greed.

Coaxing and cajoling.

Even—yes—chicanery.

But the blonde lady who only recently was subject of a Reprise ad headlined "Joni Mitchell Takes Forever" has finally, at long last, come across. With ten new songs technically catalogued in our album inventory as *Clouds* (RS 6341). But referred to by Music Lovers Everywhere as

THE NEW JONI MITCHELL

To be foursquare, however, it's not as though Joni has been unfruitful, like just lolling about in Laurel Canyon (where she only sometimes lolls). She *has* been busy. Being the pleasant surprise of last January's Miami Pop Festival. Singing her story of "Nathan La Franeer" from Los Angeles to Montreal. Smiling tearfully through a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Making a rare television appearance on the first Johnny Cash show. Giving the following quote to *Time* magazine for its April 4 issue:

"If you are sad, then you should feel sad. The French are good at that. They show what they feel and in that way purge themselves of it. My next album will be even sadder. It gets into the pain of the heart."

Ahh, the perfect lead-in to the subject at hand: RS 6341. And its content.

Over the past 14 months, Joni has, between concerts and lolls, managed to make new songs. Many are included in RS 6341, *viz* "The Gallery," "That Song About the Midway," and "Roses Blue." Plus some of the Joni Mitchells Everyone Knows, like "Chelsea Morning" and "Both Sides, Now." In addition, each and every lyric is printed in its entirety on the inside of a glorious full-color jacket.

And now, they are public. If we had any sense, we'd leave it at that, and end this ad right here.

BUT ONE MORE THING

Joni painted her own portrait for the cover of the album. It's pretty. If you'd like to have a copy to hang where you hang things, a copy without the words on it, just fill out the coupon and get it to us with a quarter. Joni will be with you shortly.

Joni Mitchell's Pretty Picture C
Room 208
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

Here's a quarter for that self-portrait, printed lovingly on expensive paper with no words on it.

(This offer expires sometime later this year.)

CONCLUDING PITCH

Just in case you've been in total seclusion for the last year, *Clouds* is Joni's second album. Her first (known to accounting as RS 6293) is called *Joni Mitchell*. Pick up either of them. It might make Joni Mitchell come down from Laurel Canyon with her third album. But don't count on it.

Joni Mitchell Records For

Reprise Albums & Tapes.
Which Is Where She Belongs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

N FITZGERALD KI
ELM ST. • J. ED
_ WARREN • GAF
TRAL INTELLIGEN

At last... the original English text of the book that all Europe is talking about!

Farewell America is first of all a specific accusation against the real assassins of the Kennedys.

Farewell America is also a revelation of the political, social and economic forces which will always try to prevent men of the stamp of John and Robert Kennedy from leading, or even from living.

Bild, the daily with the largest circulation in Germany: **Farewell America "is as explosive as a bomb."**

L'EXPRESS the foremost news magazine in France: **Farewell America "is the hope of one America against another... a profession of faith in the mission of America and her youth ...the most violent indictment ever written by a man about his country, out of love for that country."**

NOW ONLY $5.00
(shipping included)

SEND TO: **"FAREWELL"**
Box 52, Tiburon, CA 94920

Please send me_____copies of "Farewell America." I am enclosing $5.00 per copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____Zip_____

wanted to step on it. At a certain point the actors were lying in a ring on the floor; the surrounding circle closed in tighter and tighter, people behind pushing people in front; nobody said "stomp them," but nobody said anything else either. The Living Theater got up and dealt with hostility; they did what they call "playing the holies": actors filed among the crowd touching people and saying, in soothing voices, "Holy hands . . . holy hair . . . holy glasses." "Holy shit!" was a response I heard. There is a story, much repeated by the company's admirers, that Judith Malina was raped onstage at a New York performance of "Paradise," and that nobody interfered. Rape was meant for awareness, and if you are aware of everything, you don't have to do anything.

In the '50s the avant-garde mirrored suffering; it now credits itself with having made a revolutionary change in proclaiming joy. But no movement which focuses on the individual, repressed or released, is going to threaten a system which is based on individualism. The concern of the vanguard is not awareness, but action; not to change consciousness but to change institutions. We don't care if you keep your parts private; just make your property public.

—JOAN HOLDEN AND R. G. DAVIS

PRESS

Sexploitation [sic]

"I think what happened was that the love epic went to Chicago, was polarized and came out as the fuck epic—which immediately made it more pragmatic, more commercial and more American. I had hoped we had grown beyond the belief that the only thing of importance that passed between men and women was semen, but apparently not. SCREW and its like are basically narcissistic, anti-woman, and about as pro-sex as the clap. It is all dildo journalism."

—JULES FEIFFER

SOONER OR LATER some hip New Left publishing type was bound to realize that more people bought and read the New York Free Press and RAT for the classified sex ads than for any other feature. The logical journalistic extensions of that realization can now be found, nestled between the Times and TV Guide on newsstands throughout New York City. Already New Yorkers can take their pick of Pleasure, Kiss, SCREW, the New York Review of Sex, etc.—and if the new purveyors of pop porno are correct, you'll soon see similar items on newsstands across the country.

Of course pornography of one sort or another has been with us a long time. What makes these newspapers pouring out of the East Village and the Upper West Side intriguing is that they are spin-offs from the underground political press, a fact which seems to lend an aura of insurrectionary import to their wild centerspreads and raunchy sex.

The most popular of the papers is SCREW, which put out its first issue last November with a press run of 7000, published nine issues in the next five months, and went weekly as of issue No. 10. It now has a circulation of nearly 150,000. SCREW was originally produced out of the offices of the New York Free Press as a money-making scheme for the political paper. But the deal fell

Fidel Castro
by Herbert L. Matthews

The full story of the man, his political philosophy, his plans and hopes for the first Communist country in this hemisphere by the distinguished *New York Times* reporter who first interviewed him in the Sierra Maestra in 1957.

"An absorbing, fascinating and perceptive account of the rise of Fidel Castro and the new Cuba . . . Matthews is a powerful and persuasive writer . . . he manages to give the reader a feeling of being on the scene at the time each incident happens."—*The Nation*

$6.95 • Simon and Schuster

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through when SCREW's editors, Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein, decided to strike out on their own and forget the politics. The Free Press's Sam Edwards and Steve Heller, who had also been working on SCREW, followed suit—hence the New York Review of Sex, which began publishing in February.

Pleasure, the third addition to the field, is the venture of Marvin Grafton, the advertising manager of RAT. (Grafton insists that the two magazines have no financial connections.) Kiss, which put out its first issue the last week in April, is the property of the East Village Other. The New York Review of Sex trails behind SCREW, distributing about 40,000 copies per issue. Pleasure's circulation is now 70,000 and Kiss's 55,000. Each of the editors disputes the others' circulation figures, which is as it should be in the competitive world of sexploitation (a term all of the editors deny applies to their sheets).

Goldstein, 33, and Buckley, 24, started SCREW with $175 apiece and the use of the New York Free Press typesetting machine. A couple of months ago the editors were offered $50,000 to part with their paper. Naturally they declined. By all indications, SCREW can be a million-dollar business within a year.

Goldstein, a blue-eyed, bearded, plumpish New Yorker, describes himself as the "whore of the paper, the house vulgarian." He acquired his journalistic experience working for the National Mirror, a sex-butcher-torture-murder weekly with a circulation of 140,000, which he describes as one of approximately 14 sado-masochistic tabloids in which all the "news" and stories are inventions of the reporters. Later, Goldstein says, he infiltrated the UAW as an industrial spy for the Bendix Corporation. He repented in the New York Free Press, which was how he met Buckley.

Early in the game SCREW established itself as the most ribald of the sex papers. Paul Krassner of the Realist says he thinks of SCREW as "a consumer's guide to the sexually unfulfilled" and hopes that "they begin to think, hey, it might be fun to do it with flesh." But Goldstein contends that SCREW "is the most radical thing around. We think the left has been impotent, just playing with itself. We're going to make playing with yourself meaningful."

SCREW's first editorial proclaimed the editors' intention to "uncover the

"The function of poetry is to discover

THE SECRET MEANING OF THINGS"

—FERLINGHETTI

new poems $1 & $3.95

New Directions 333 6th Ave NYC

Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe D.M.F.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe D.M.F.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114

Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name_____

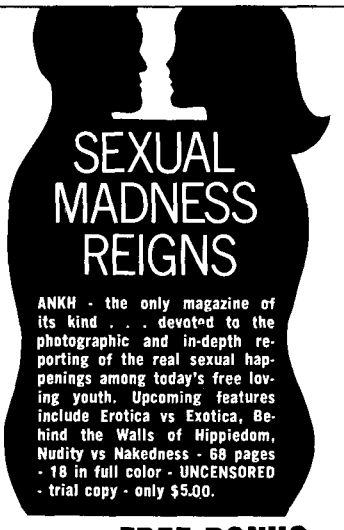
Address_____

City_____ Zip Code_____

PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE

The Rosicrucians (AMORC) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA 95114, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SEXUAL MADNESS REIGNS

ANKH - the only magazine of its kind . . . devoted to the photographic and in-depth reporting of the real sexual happenings among today's free loving youth. Upcoming features include Erotica vs Exotica, Behind the Walls of Hippiedom, Nudity vs Nakedness - 68 pages - 18 in full color - UNCENSORED - trial copy - only $5.00.

FREE BONUS

IF YOU ACT NOW

Not sold in bookstores at any price!

Obscenity & Pornography

CLIP OUT ORDER FORM

OK! Please rush me the trial copy of ANKH and the free bonus postage paid and in plain wrapper. Full payment enclosed. (Offer limited to adults over 18).

PANU-CO

Box 242, Dept. RAM9-8, Hollywood, Cal. 90028

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PROTEST BUTTONS!

GOD HELP US, NIXON IS THE ONE • IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? • WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CAME? • JOIN (uncle sam giving finger) • WARNING: YOUR LOCAL POLICE ARE ARMED AND DANGEROUS • WE SHALL OVERCOME (sitting bull) • SUPPORT CANNIBALISM: EAT ME • STUDENT POWER • GRAVITY DOESN'T EXIST, THE EARTH SUCKS • JESUS SAVES BUT MOSES INVESTS • HI • SMOKE GRASS • peace symbol • dove • Over 600 other titles—4/$1, 10/$2. Free list!

Bumper Stickers: "When peace is outlawed only outlaws will have peace," "Dirty old men need love too," "Stop the war machine." Over 40 other titles, 50¢ each, 5/$2, 20/$6.

Posters: large selection personalities. Rock groups, black and white and fluorescent.

Herbal smoking mixes: Get there legally with "Not Pot (but damn close)," "Good as Gold," or "Mixture 69." One oz. pouch $1, all 3/$2.50.

Peace pendants, rings, clips, pipes, oils, unusual gifts. 20 pg. catalogue 25¢ (refundable).

ARIES

Box 666R Capitola, California, 95010

entire world of sex. . . . We will lay it on the line, and on the bed, floor—the beachheads of the world, and then lay it again." By the time issue No. 2 came out, the beginning of a running feud with parts of the left was in evidence: "The left is as fucked up as the right when it comes to sex." Issue No. 3 announced, "We . . . intend to outlive the stupidities of our bureaucratic foes and the conceits of the 'respectable' left like WBAI-FM. . . ." A few weeks ago SCREW was busted, along with Kiss, for "disseminating obscenity." SCREW now has nine lawyers checking the magazine before it goes out, and has paid out as much as $11,000 in a single week for legal fees. None of the people at SCREW has any particular interest in pushing political issues, and their "causes" are all sexually oriented.

ON MANHATTAN'S West 72nd Street there is a sprawling, chaotic office which in its time has housed a multiplicity of underground papers. A poster- and notice-festooned wall with a gaping hole in it pays tribute to past scenes: the West Side News, the New York Free Press, SCREW, the Manhattan Tribune, the High School Free Press—and now, the New York Review of Sex. The NYR, classiest of the sex papers, looks like a cross between a glossy magazine and a tabloid newspaper. Printed on heavy stock, the color covers and the portfolios of photographs and drawings reproduce better than those of any of the other papers. It also costs more—50 cents as compared to 35 cents for each of the others. Editor Steve Heller, who is barely 19, now believes that the paper is beginning to blend politics and sex and that it will "get more into the political bag."

The NYR does contain some straight reporting (for example, a report on the press conference held by Teenagers for Decency) which pads as much as it informs, and appears to reflect the ambivalence of the editors, who do seem more political than some of the others. Heller's cohort, Sam Edwards, has been involved editorially with a number of magazines and newspapers, including Arts Magazine, Art Voices, the West Side News, and the New York Free Press. Heller likes doing the NYR, but feels that "the sex papers made everything sadder around here—before, with the Free Press, the high school kids were

Student power in China

The Cultural Revolution began at Peking University. Why? How did it start and how did it develop? In one of the most detailed accounts yet to appear, Victor Nee describes China's educational system and the student campaign to revolutionize it. Prior to book publication, "The Cultural Revolution at Peking University" appears in full as this summer's double issue. Send for your sample copy now.

MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

Dept. 6 116 West 14 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10011
$7 a year students $5 (foreign add $1)

"Marijuana Consumers & Dealers Guide" tells how to extract hashish from marijuana, LSD from morning glory, Mescaline from peyote, turn inferior pot into super grass, how not to get burned, test for THC, what to do about sugared grass, Warnings.

"The Pot Book" the history, cultivation, and preparation of the illegal drug marijuana - including cartoons, illustrations & a special section on growing your own.

$1 per book + 25¢ handling

order from: "Flash"
dealers inquire
please include.

55 Sheridan
San Francisco 94103
California

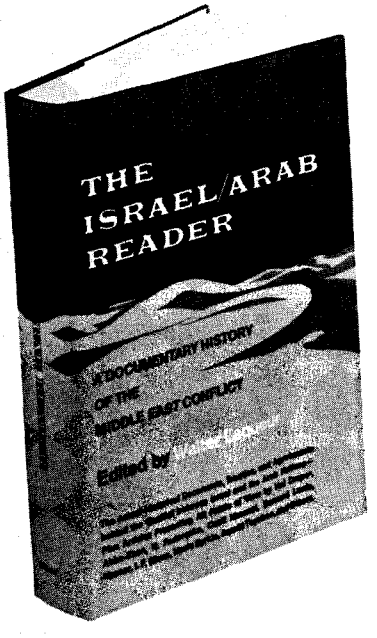
name_____
address_____
city, state, & zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ISRAEL ARAB READER

The Actual Historical Documents, Treaties, and Agreements behind the Conflict between Israel and the Arab Nations—Plus Articles Presenting All Points of View by Hal Draper, Abba-Eban, N. Fedorenko, Cecil Hourani, Bernard Lewis, Nasser, I. F. Stone, Marie Syrkin, Arnold Toynbee, and Others.

Edited by Walter Laqueur



● At your bookseller, or send $7.95 to Citadel Press, 222 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 10003, for your copy. Read it two weeks, then return it for full refund if you don't wish to keep it.

here all the time and it was more exciting." But Edwards finds that, "since I've been doing this it's the first time I began to get some idea of the neighborhood. I didn't know that everyone knew who I was and what I did."

Pleasure, which publishes its classified ads free of charge as a kind of "loss leader," is a late arrival and has not yet managed to proclaim its personality. But its initiator, Marvin Grafton—who also helped start RAT—is sanguine about the future. He says the sex papers are already hurting the 42nd Street magazines and newspapers like the Inquirer, and he expects the next development to be straight hard-core pornography, but with an uptown clientele.

Kiss is a continuing venture of the East Village Other—a relationship unique to the sex papers, most of which have eclipsed their underground progenitors or soft-pedalled any connection with them. Joel Fabricant, the curly-haired twenty-seven-year-old publisher of both EVO and Kiss, used to work as an accountant on Wall Street and has an M.A. from NYU. He thinks that SCREW is profiteering but says that "if I thought I could get away with that here I would do it." The first issue of Kiss (20 pages) carried pictures of five girls with legs spread wide, two of them full-pagers. Allan Katzman, another editor of Kiss, says that EVO was the first to combine sex with the revolution and justifies continuing the combination by saying that "there's nothing more deadly to the revolution than being bored." The goal of EVO's offspring was spelled out in the first Kiss editorial: "To make Kiss the finest fuck-and-fantasy magazine in history, because that's the way to make the biggest bundle of them all."

BUT THE EDITORS OF the new papers persist in the idea that a sexual revolution is the primary key to any other kind—almost as though they were saying that capitalism will perish not in the fire of revolution, but in the heat of passion. Goldstein and Buckley don't understand what the left is so uptight about; Grafton thinks that whatever it is, it's irrelevant; Edwards is defensive on the subject and Heller thinks the NYR is into radical politics. Fabricant believes that the papers represent a middle-class revolution in sex, "a complete attack on what the kids have been taught." Little of the writing in the new

FROM DENMARK

STUDIES IN figure art

32 PAGES FINEST NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHY OF FEMALE FIGURES

Nothing like them EVER available before! Yours NOW due to recent court decisions; sold to adults only! Artistic photo reproductions that set the standard for rich color and beauty!

See and thrill to the female figure in full glory; gorgeous NUDES depicting exquisite models with naturalness, clearness and complete frankness. Each pose, each picture destined to become *a collector's item. Truly exhilarating and educational!*

An excellent aid to Artists & Students

SAMPLE COPY

Forms in Color.....$3.50
COVER GIRL.....$5
EXCITING.....$5
STUDIO.....$3
Catalog.....$1
Illustrated; 40-Pages all in full color

CENTRAL SALES LTD.
DEPT. R-1 / POST OFFICE BOX 42
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21203

"GOOD RADICAL BUY"

says the Guardian

The San Francisco Mime Troupe has just published a 48 page booklet on the Radical Theater Festival held last Fall at S.F. State College with the Mime Troupe, the Bread and Puppet Theater, and El Teatro Campesino. It speaks about radical theater from the radical viewpoint. Panel discussions between the directors of the companies, group histories, and photos are included.

for a copy send $1.50
(plus 10¢ postage) to:
SAN FRANCISCO
MIME TROUPE, Dept. R
450 Alabama Street
San Francisco, Calif. 94110

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sex papers, however, focuses seriously on the problem of sexual repression and its effects on the society, except as the papers themselves might be affected (e.g., by obscenity laws). It is precisely because sexual repression is still so much a part of American "morality" that sexual desires can be exploited for profit. Were the sex papers to explore the ways in which sexual repression, frustration and desire are manipulated by American business, they might make a valuable social and political point, and they might help free people to enjoy their sensuality. Instead, the papers pander to the psychology of repression. Krassner notes, "Society laps up the sex papers because society doesn't lap it up, if you know what I mean."

The sex papers are parasitic enterprises attempting to draw what is salable from America's emerging youth culture. But what is liberating in that culture's approach to sex and sensuality is bound up with radical perspectives in other personal, social and political areas. In extracting the sexual element from that context and preparing it for market, the papers have distorted, trivialized and demeaned it.

This seems to be a compulsion of our society: the nudist colony movement may have been a liberating phenomenon, but that did not prevent it from being a favored subject of exploitative films. Americans are great voyeurs of freedom. As their circulation grows, the sex papers increasingly base their success on an appeal to the morbid envy with which an up-tight, dissatisfied middle class views the youth culture. In a sense it may be this same resentful longing that accounts for both the success of these papers and for the irrational vindictiveness the middle class metes out to a freer life-style that it can neither comprehend nor share.

Not surprisingly, the sex papers are patently male chauvinist. A gesture will no doubt be made by the editors in the direction of women's liberation, largely because the various women's groups are so militant and every chick around is pushing on the subject. Though Goldstein and Buckley, curiously echoing the white backlash, contend that the ladies push too hard and "make us react in the most male chauvinist way," they have hired a female managing editor. Fabricant believes that the obvious extension of Playboy is to free the woman sexually (so *that* is what Playboy has done for the male population!). But he too counsels patience: "I believe you have to turn on men before turning on women."

The idea that women are in any way liberated by more pictures of chicks with legs spread wide is simply a sham. Pornographers have always contended that their efforts undermined the sexual repressiveness that hangs us up. But in fact, pornography is an indispensable part of the dominant moral vocabulary. The dirty and the clean; the loose and the virtuous—each concept reinforces and sustains its opposite. These dichotomies proceed from the conceptual framework of a society hopelessly inhibited by its own fears of sexuality. What is needed is not an ascendancy of dirt, but new conceptions entirely, a new language of sexuality that frees us from the old.

The new pornography, like its earlier counterparts, offers a sexual expression that is not joyous and free, but furtive and dehumanized. It amounts to very little more in the end than a marketing break: selling dirty pictures to the big kids.—SANDY LEVINSON

WOODSTOCK MUSIC & ART FAIR
presents
AN AQUARIAN EXPOSITION
in
WALLKILL, N.Y.

FRI., AUG., 15

Joan Baez
Arlo Guthrie
Tim Hardin
Richie Havens
Incredible String Band
Sweetwater
Ravi Shankar

SAT., AUG., 16

Keef Hartley
Canned Heat
Creedence Clearwater
Grateful Dead
Janis Joplin
Jefferson Airplane
Santana

SUN., AUG., 17

The Band
Jeff Beck Group
Blood, Sweat and Tears
Joe Cocker
Crosby, Stills and Nash
Iron Butterfly
The Moody Blues
The Who
Johnny Winter

All programs subject to change without notice

Art Show—Paintings and sculptures on trees, on grass, surrounded by the Hudson valley, will be displayed. Accomplished artists, "Ghetto" artists, and would-be artists will be glad to discuss their work, or the unspoiled splendor of the surroundings, or anything else that might be on your mind. If you're an artist, and you want to display, write for information.

Crafts Bazaar—If you like creative knickknacks and old junk you'll love roaming around our bazaar. You'll see imaginative leather, ceramic, bead, and silver creations, as well as Zodiac Charts, camp clothes, and worn out shoes.

Work Shops—If you like playing with beads, or improvising *on a guitar, or writing poetry, or molding clay, stop by one* of our work shops and see what you can give and take.

Food—There will be cokes and hotdogs and dozens of curious food and fruit combinations to experiment with.

Hundreds of Acres to Roam on—Walk around for three days without seeing a skyscraper or a traffic light. Fly a kite, sun yourself. Cook your own food and breathe unspoiled air. Camp out: Tents, water, restrooms, and camping equipment will be available.

Music starts at 4:00 P.M. on Friday, and at 1:00 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday—It'll run for 12 continuous hours, except for a few short breaks to allow the performers to catch their breathe.

Please Print

☐ Send me information on the WOODSTOCK MUSIC & ART FAIR

Send me____tickets for Fri., Aug. 15, at $7.00 each
Send me____tickets for Sat., Aug. 16, at $7.00 each
Send me____tickets for Sun., Aug. 17, at $7.00 each
Send me____2 day tickets for Fri. & Sat., Aug. 15, 16, at $13.00 each
Send me____2 day tickets for Sat. & Sun., Aug. 16, 17, at $13.00 each
Send me____Complete 3 day tickets for Fri., Sat., Sun., Aug. 15, 16, 17, at $18.00 each

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, with your check or money order (no cash please) payable to:
WOODSTOCK MUSIC, P.O. BOX 996
RADIO CITY STATION, NEW YORK 10019

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(While the supply lasts)

Free dirt!

We know what you're thinking. This time, you say, those loonies in the Warner/Reprise Fun and Games Dept. have really flipped out. Pig Pen look-alike contests. Van Dyke Parks 1¢ sales. Win-a-Fug Dream Date tournaments. Free Randy Newman albums. But...*free dirt!?*

If that's what you're thinking, you're unalone.

Our controller, Mr. Gitlin, is convinced we're crackers.

Mr. West, our esteemed treasurer, had to go home early when he heard about this one.

Miss Penny in shipping has demanded tranquilizers, overtime, and an Easter bonus for her boys if they have to bag dirt.

But what the hell. Nobody understood Galileo either. Read on.

The reason for this unprecedented giveaway:

NEIL YOUNG **EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE**

This is Neil's second solo album. Those of us who are Neil Young freaks thought he deserved a little help from his friends. Something to give him an edge on the other $4.98 albums out there glutting up the market. *But* it had to be in keeping with Neil's image.

Which is to say, unpretentious.

Honest, direct, sincere.

Down-to-earth.

And that, folks, is how we arrived at

DIRT

Now, this is no ordinary dirt we're giving away. Not any of that Pacoima or Wilkesbarre or Mineola stuff. We wouldn't touch that. This is 100% pure Topanga Canyon dirt, from the famed section of Los Angeles where Neil lives.

Topanga, as you know, is one of the better-known canyons that house the people who make music hereabouts. Removed from the center of the L.A. music scene by almost 20 miles, it is a dusty-woodsy path leading from Malibu on the south to a questionable suburban sprawl on the north.

Say "Topanga" to some in L.A., and the first response you'll get is probably a grim-lipped "hippie." But Topanga carried Goldwater in 1960, and the American Legion post there is a powerful one.

Still, it's where Linda Ronstadt lived when the world began to spin. Tim Buckley has a house there, slammed up against a mountain. It's where Barry McGuire began getting back to nature. It's where a lot of old Byrds and former Buffalo Springfield (besides Neil) have lived. Spirit calls it home.

And it's also where the world's leading publisher of nudist magazines lives.

How do you come by some Topanga dirt?

Fill out the form below and jam it to us in the grubbiest envelope you can find.

Joad Family Relief Fund **E**
Room 208
Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

I have checked the kind of dirt I want.

☐ American Legion dirt. ☐ Nudist dirt.

(Hurry. There's only so much dirt we can take out without arousing the American Legionaires and nudists.)

Neil worked hard writing all the songs on his new album. We're going to be working hard digging and bagging.

We'd be pleased if you'd do something, too. Buy the album.

If a package of soil turns you on, think of what two sides of Neil Young might do.

Neil Young's On

Reprise Albums & Tapes... Where He Belongs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Steve Miller Band Brave New World

Capitol RECORDS

On Records · On Tape · On Capitol

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED